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From Jerrold's Magazine.

THE POET BEFORE AND AFTER DEATH.

"I beg you to use your utmost interest, and that of all your friends, to move our Commissioners of Excise to grant me my full salary. If they do not grant it, I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poete*—if I die not of disease, I shall perish with hunger.

"ROBERT BURNS."

THUS, in the prime of manhood, dies  
The man with the large heart and eyes  
That flashed and echoed to the skies  
In passion's storm—  
A friendless gauger of Dumfries—  
Crushed like a worm.

Four helpless children midst the gloom  
Wander and weep from room to room ;  
Their mother striving with her doom  
As mothers strive,  
Who feel that o'er the closing tomb  
There will be *five*.

Since then the bard's volcanic breast  
Has had its half-a-century's rest ;  
But still the "Mouse's" humble nest,  
Rudeley o'erthrown,  
And "mountain-daisy's" fate suggest  
The poet's own :

Soon contrite Scotland, to reward  
Her crushed and broken-hearted bard,  
With costly "Mausoleum" marred,  
The image traced  
Upon his dedication card  
So truly chaste ;

And moving thence his mouldering bones  
(As if dead bees were dear to drones,)  
Before the graceless heap of stones  
Upon his dust,  
She spake in exultation's tones  
Of being *just*.

Justice, in spite of bandaged eyes,  
Has still a heart to sympathize  
With the susceptible and wise  
By her own scales,  
So often doomed to fraternize  
In county jails.

What but this knowledge could induce  
The lamb to bear the flag of truce  
As though it sanctioned the abuse  
Which still denies

Justice, in woman's shape, the use  
Of her own eyes.

Though Scotland long had set her face  
With smiles for Burns and all his race,  
At length, to wipe out her disgrace,  
If such might be,  
She danced around his native place  
In jubilee !

From the Louisville Journal.

THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

HERE is a little golden tress  
Of soft unbraided hair,  
The all that's left of loveliness  
That once was thought so fair ;  
And yet, though time has dimm'd its sheen,  
Though all beside hath fled,  
I hold it here, a link between  
My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet still  
A mournful memory springs,  
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill  
Through all its trembling strings.  
I think of her, the loved, the wept,  
Upon whose forehead fair,  
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept,  
This golden curl of hair.

Oh, sunny tress ! the joyous brow,  
Where thou didst lightly wave  
With all thy sister tresses, now  
Lies cold within the grave.  
That cheek is of its bloom bereft ;  
That eye no more is gay :  
Of all her beauties thou art left  
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very June,  
Since last we fondly met—  
Four years ! and yet it seems too soon  
To let the heart forget—  
Too soon to let that lovely face  
From our sad thoughts depart,  
And to another give the place  
She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind  
Retains its sweetest power :  
It is the perfume left behind,  
To whisper of the flower.

Each blossom, that in moments gone  
Bound up this sunny curl,  
Recalls the form, the look, the tone  
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain  
O'er beds of violets flung ;  
Her voice the prelude to a strain,  
Before the song is sung :  
Her life, 't was like a half-blown flower,  
Closed ere the shades of even ;  
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour  
That opes the gates of heaven.

A single tress ! how slight a thing  
To sway such magic art,  
And bid each soft remembrance spring  
Like blossoms in the heart !  
It leads me back to days of old—  
To her I loved so long,  
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,  
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then I 've heard a thousand lays  
From lips as sweet as hers ;  
Yet when I strove to give them praise,  
I only gave them tears.  
I could not bear, amid the throng  
Where jest and laughter rung,  
To hear another sing the song  
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair  
To bid such memories start !  
But tears are on its lustre—there  
I lay it on my heart.  
Oh ! when in death's cold arms I sink,  
Who, then, with gentle care,  
Will keep for me a dark brown link—  
A ringlet of my hair ?      **AMELIA.**

From the True Sun.

TO —

Or thy love it shall be said,  
That its sweetest spell was laid  
On my heart in trouble ;  
When the roses in my way  
Faded fastest day by day,  
And the thorns grew double.

Though with accents faint and weak,  
Thou the binding vow didst speak,  
Trembling at the altar ;  
Yet whene'er that binding vow—  
Led through tribulation, thou  
Never yet didst falter.

And when brighter days were mine,  
With my hand enclosed in thine,  
Each on the other leaning ;  
We through many a sunny hour,  
In each bursting bud and flower,  
Found a mystic meaning—

Typical of many things,  
While imagination's wings,  
Lovingly upbore us ;  
And we painted sunny skies,  
Looking in each other's eyes,  
For the life before us.

Like a guardian angel thou,  
When the cloud is on my brow,

In the hours of sadness—  
Bidst the airy phantoms fly,  
While beneath thy loving eye,  
Grief is turned to gladness.

B. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE POPULAR LECTURES ON SCIENCE AND ART, which have been delivered in the chief cities and towns in the United States by DR. LARDNER, are announced for publication in numbers by MESSRS. GREELEY and McELRATH, NEW YORK. They are to be copiously illustrated with engravings on wood. Ten or twelve numbers, at 25 cents each, will complete the course.

This work will be a public good, and from the preëminent ability of the lecturer in the manner of communicating knowledge—combining "simplicity of language, perspicuity of reasoning and felicity of illustration"—will no doubt have a very extensive sale.

*Messrs. Harper and Brothers have sent us,—*

POEMS BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. This volume is handsomely printed, and illustrated by a moonlight view of Alnwick Castle. Would that Mr. Halleck had made the volume larger ! He has collected the poems upon which he expects the award of posterity to be founded.

ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE, 45, 46. This completes Much Ado about Nothing.

COPLAND'S DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE, edited by DR. C. A. Lee. Part V., running from Delirium to Dropsy. 50 cents.

THE IMPROVISATORE. Translated by Mary Howitt, from the Danish of Andersen. 12*1/2* cents.

THE ANCIENT REGIME. By G. P. R. James. 2 vols. in 1. The sixth volume of Pocket Edition of Select Novels. 25 cents.

TWICE TOLD TALES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. 12mo. Well printed by James Munroe & Co., Boston.

This book, though in prose, was written by a poet. A calm, thoughtful face seems to be looking at you from every page. One of the most prominent characteristics of these tales is, that they are national in their character. The author has wisely chosen his themes among the traditions of New England. Another characteristic of this writer is the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters are. Indeed, he uses words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought.—In speaking in terms of such high praise as we have done, we have given utterance not alone to our own feelings, but we trust to those of all gentle readers of the Twice Told Tales. Like children we say, "Tell us more."

*North American Review.*

HOME. By Miss Sedgwick. The name of the author of Redwood and Hope Leslie is a sufficient commendation of this work to our readers—and we perceive that this is the *fifteenth* edition. Published by James Munroe & Co.

THE LOVER'S FORTUNE. Translated from the German. James Munroe & Co. Of this neat volume we shall say nothing, for we know no more ; and besides, we perceive that it is not just published.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## BUNYAN AND BUNHILL FIELDS.

HOWEVER much people may affect to question the right of Mr. Southey to the name of a great poet—and critics speak confidently both for and against him—no one will affect to dispute his claim to be considered one of the very best of our English prose writers. Nor is it too much to say, perhaps, that his least merit is his style. His range of reading was wide, his diligence great, his memory still greater. He knew the world by something more than the mere spectacles of books; he had looked on nature for himself, and had compared his own experiences with the experiences of others. His observations on life are almost always to the point, and his opinions of men and books invariably of value. He had many of the inborn and acquired qualifications of a good biographer. He could suck the marrow of a book, and give you in a *Quarterly Review* article the cream of what Coxe had scattered, with an unctuning skill, over two thick quarto volumes. But he always wanted a good pioneer to go before him; and, though he affected at times to despise the poor but faithful antiquary, with his corn and chaff inconsiderately got together into one unmeaning heap, he was willing to admit the great utility of the pioneer species of literary men, and the important services which men like Rymer and Oldys, or Carte and Coxe, had conferred upon English history. He was, what is more, a pioneer himself, as much as his leisure time or the resources of his own library would well permit him. His *Life of Cowper* exhibits a long and patient examination of the dead or dormant literature of the last century, and an anxiety to detect any little particle of information likely to throw light on the subject of his memoir.

He was very well aware of the charm with which new materials invariably invest a new biography; of the importance of a date, either in establishing a circumstance beyond cavil or dispute, or in rejecting it altogether from the pale of authentic matter. His diligence was unceasing. He always read with an object, and with a view to a variety of different publications. But his library, though large for a private individual, and large, moreover, for his means, was very ill suited for the wide and diversified range of his writings. Nor was there a library amid the lakes and wilds of Cumberland likely to be of any use to him. He wrote, therefore, under very heavy disadvantages; and it has always appeared to us, that his continuation of Warton's invaluable history, over which he brooded for so many years, must necessarily have been, had it ever been executed, a most imperfect publication. The reading and research of Warton were not confined to the college libraries of Oxford, or the glorious treasures of the Bodleian; he had availed himself of the treasures at Winchester and Cambridge, and had carried his researches into the then newly established British Museum. But we are not likely soon to see another Tom Warton among us; perhaps we shall never see another Southey. They were both great men. The unfinished history by Warton is a monument of human industry and learning; and the prose works of Southey master-pieces of English composition.

Southey thought his best prose work his *History of Brazil*; nor are we inclined to dispute his preference. The manner is above all praise, and the matter, considering its want of European attraction, highly entertaining. He thought comparatively

little of his *Life of Nelson*; nor is his a solitary case of an author differing in his estimate of the value of his own writings from the standard measure of public opinion. The *Nelson* is a delightful narrative, within the compass of a pocket volume, of the heroic life and the heroic end of the greatest admiral of all time—the most English of all English heroes. But it is far from a satisfactory life in the minuteness of its information; and men who test and try all biographies by the standard of their favorite Boswell—and we know very many who do this—will find it wanting in the scale of excellence by which they weigh and measure a biography. Southey's *Life of Nelson* will live as long as the English language, and will always form an enduring introduction to the *Nelson Despatches*, now in course of publication under the watchful eye of Sir Harris Nicolas.

Mr. Southey was an author by profession; he lived (his pension excepted) entirely by his pen. He was too apt, therefore, to measure out his articles and biographies by the sheet. He was, moreover, a writer too apt to diverge into other speculations, from the width and variety of his reading. His *Life of Wesley* is too big a book for the importance of Wesley. His *Life of Cowper* is written on too extended a scale for the little variety of incident or circumstances in the recluse-like life of the Olney hermit; his *Life of Kirke White* is more in the nature of a preface; his *Life of Isaac Watts* too hurried a performance to be criticised by the Southey standard of excellence in prose; while his *Life of Bunyan* abounds in all the beauties of his style, and all the defects of his library and reading.

The best biographies in the world are the imitable *Lives* of the imitable Plutarch. They are models in this style, in manner, treatment, and length. We have good biographies of our own. The *Lives of the Poets*, by Dr. Johnson, is one of the most fascinating books in the whole range of English literature. We are at a loss to decide which of the several *Lives* we should admire the most. Cowley was the doctor's own favorite, not for the method or excellence of its narrative, but from the clear and concise account it contains of the rise and fall of the so-called metaphysical poets among us. The Dryden is a delightful *Life*, but there is hardly a date that is correct throughout the whole of its pages. Pope we read in spite of Mr. Roscoe, nor will it be easy, or even possible, to push it out of favor. The *Life of Savage* was an early composition, and the reader may observe thirty years' difference of style between it and the Dryden. Savage extends over some one hundred and fifty pages; and of the three or four dates throughout the whole biography, and it actually contains no more, two, at least, are seriously incorrect. The date of his birth is grossly erroneous, and the year of his death was wanting in the first edition. When we have mentioned these curious circumstances in the *Life of Savage* in the hearing of people well acquainted with the minute circumstances of the narrative, we have found them unwilling to believe us. The truth is, the matter is so romantic, and the manner so irresistible, that people read it, as Reynolds read it, at a *standing*, and in the avidity of their reading forget everything about dates, those necessary landmarks in history of every kind.

It is fitting to observe here how our best wri-

ters—such as Hume, Johnson, Southey, and others—have too often been careless in their facts, and how our worst writers in point of style have been painfully minute in their pins' heads of particulars. The lives, by Strype, of the various churchmen in the time of Queen Elizabeth; the biographies of Dr. Birch; and the *Life of Dryden* by Malone, are so many storehouses of minute and even extraneous information. The student of English history—we use the word in its wide sense—will seldom quit their pages without finding what he seeks, and without carrying away much curious matter, foreign, it is true, from his subject, but still important. The rare art is to combine the two great qualities of research and style. A Strype and Southey combined would make a perfect biographer, and a *Life* by their united exertions a complete biography.

No country is richer in worthies than Great Britain, or richer in materials for the proper compilation of their *Lives*. But these materials lie scattered over so many volumes—some small and scarce, and consequently dear, others large and expensive. The student of English history is perpetually at a loss for a good *Biographia Britannica*. He feels a difficulty at every turn, and wanders out of his way in search of information which one good work should supply to his hand at once. We have, it is true, several *sets* of *Lives*. Johnson wrote the *Lives of the Poets* from Cowley to Gray; Campbell the *Lives of the British Admirals*; Macdiarmid the *Lives of the British Statesmen*; Allen Cunningham, the *Lives of the British Artists*; and Sir Walter Scott, the *Lives of the British Novelists*. All possess a variety of merits, and some of the shorter *Lives* are good specimens of matter and manner. But the *Biographia Britannica*, though a century old, is still our great storehouse of facts; nor is it likely, from what we hear, to be soon supplanted. This we regret, because the *Lives of British Worthies* should be a British undertaking—one that would prove, when properly performed, a far nobler monument to their memories than the statues in bronze about the squares of London, or the statues in marble that choke Westminster Abbey, or stand half seen within St. Paul's.

We have been led into these remarks from a perusal of Mr. Southey's "Life of Bunyan," in Mr. Murray's *Colonial Library*; and from the recent publication of a new *Life* of the fine old Baptist dreamer by Mr. George Godwin, before Mr. Selous' illustrated edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Mr. Southey exhausted the stores of his own shelves and the supply of books which his publisher had sent him in the composition of his biography. Mr. Godwin exhibits a spirit of patient investigation, and the recent annotator of *Southey's Life* a love of reference and research, which merit imitation. But the *Life of Bunyan*, though inimitably well written by Mr. Southey, and succinctly compiled by Mr. Godwin, has yet to be written, not at greater length, we must allow, but with the new materials which fresh investigation cannot fail to produce; and, in the hope that some pains-taking inquirer will go into the subject forthwith, we here contribute a new and important fact in the consideration of Bunyan's life to the future biographer of this "Spenser of the people."

No kind of religion was safe under Charles II. Persecution prevailed at one time, and toleration at another. The king was careless and indiffer-

ent; perhaps he was a Deist; he died a Roman Catholic. The duke, his brother, was an uncompromising Papist. The king disliked the Presbyterians; the ill-bred familiarity of the Scotch divines had given him a distaste for that part of the Protestant religion. The church for which his father lost his head was as little to his liking; sectaries of all kinds he viewed with fear and disgust. His licentious course of life led him to repose at last on the bosom of a forgiving and infallible church, and the easy nature of his temperament to enforce an *Act of Uniformity* at one time, and a *Declaration of Indulgence* at another. Barrow and South were as little to his taste and inclination as Calamy and Baxter. He would not trust sufficiently to his own sense of what was just and proper, but threw himself into the hands of others, who used him as a means to their own evil ends, or their own personal aggrandizement. This was his father's fault; but the father did think, and then allowed himself to be overruled; while the son was ruled, to save himself the trouble of thinking at all.

Raleigh wrote his *History of the World* in the prison of the Tower; Wither, his *Shepherd's Hunting* within the walls of the Marshalsea; Lovelace, his little poem on the *Freedom of the Mind* within the Westminster Gate House; and Bunyan, his glorious dream of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in the gaol at Bedford. Raleigh perished on the block; and Lovelace in a Shoe Lane lodging, surrounded, it is said, by want. Wither was afterwards an inmate of Newgate and the Tower; but Bunyan had a happier end. State matters were of very little moment to honest John Bunyan; and, so long as he was allowed to preach the Lord openly and honestly, his happiness was at its height; and this he was allowed to do unmolested from the period of his enlargement till his death. The fruit of his imprisonment is before the world; the true history of his release has yet to be related.

The toleration promised by the king at Breda was wholly overlooked in the act of uniformity; and Bunyan was one of the first persons after the restoration, who was punished for disobedience of the law. He was unwilling to desist from preaching the word of God, and was imprisoned for his preaching. Twelve long years was Bunyan an inmate of Bedford gaol; and he at length owed his release to accident, and to his old enemies the Quakers. After the fatal fight at Worcester, the king made his way, it is well known, through dangers and difficulties, to the sea-side at Shoreham, from whence he effected his escape, by a small fishing-vessel, to the coast of France. The master and mate of this little vessel were Quakers, as we gather from the following interesting letter, hitherto unpublished, from Ellis Hooke to the wife of Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers. The original letter is preserved among the Quaker records at Devonshire House in Bishopsgate Street:—

"For Thomas Greene, shopkeeper in Lancaster.  
"For M. F.

[January, 1669-70.]

"Yesterday there was a friend with the king, one that is John Grove's mate. He was the man that was mate to the master of the fisher-boat that carried the king away when he went from Worcester fight, and only this friend and the master knew of it in the ship, and the friend carried him (the king) ashore on his shoulders. The king

knew him again and was very friendly to him, and told him he remembered him, and of several things that were done in the ship at the same time. The friend told him the reason why he did not come all this while was that he was satisfied in that he had peace and satisfaction in himself, and that he did what he did to relieve a man in distress, and now he desired nothing of him but that he would set friends at liberty who were great sufferers, and told the king he had with him a paper of 110 that were *præmunired*, that had lain in prison about six years, and none can release them but him. So the king took the paper and said, that there were many of them, and that they would be in again in a month's time, and that the country gentlemen complained to him that they were troubled with the Quakers. So he said he would release him six. But the friend thinks to go to him again, for he had not fully relieved himself."

This highly interesting letter is endorsed by Fox himself, "*E. Hookes to M. F., of passages concerning Richard Carver that carried the king of his back. 1669.*"

Hookes' next letter among the Quaker papers is addressed to Fox, the founder of the sect:—

"[February, 1669-70.]

"Dear G. F.,—As for the friend that was with the king, his love is to thee. He has been with the king lately, and Thomas Moore was with him, and the king was very loving to them. He had a fair and free opportunity to open his mind to the king, and the king has promised to do for him, but willed him to wait a month or two longer. I rest thy faithful friend to serve thee.

"E. H."

Here the records cease; but the after-history of this Quaker application is related by Whitehead in that curious picture of his own life and times printed in 1725, under the name of *The Christian Progress of George Whitehead*. Whitehead was all prayer and application for the release of his brethren in the Lord, and had intimated his intention of writing to the king to his honest and loving friend Thomas Moore, —

"Who was often willing," he says, "to move the king in behalf of our suffering friends, the king having some respect to him, for he had an interest with the king and some of his council more than many others had, and I desired him to present my few lines, or letter, to the king, which he carefully did, and a few days after both he and myself had access into the king's presence, and renewed our request."

The king listened to their application with attention and granted them liberty to be heard on the next council-day.

"And then," he goes on to say, "Thomas Moore, myself, and our friend Thomas Greene, attended at the council-chamber at Whitehall, and were all admitted in before the king and a full council. When I had opened and more fully pleaded our suffering friends' case, the king gave this answer, 'I'll pardon them.' Whereupon Thomas Moore pleaded the innocence of our friends—that they needed no pardon, being innocent; the king's own warrant, in a few lines, will discharge them. 'For where,' said Thomas Moore, 'the word of a king is, there is power.'"

The king's answer was curious—"Oh, Mr. Moore, there are persons as innocent as a child new born that are pardoned; you need not scruple

a pardon." And Sir Orlando Bridgeman, the lord keeper, added, "I told them that they cannot be legally discharged but by a pardon under the great seal."

The king's Declaration of Indulgence was published on the 15th of March, 1672, and on the 8th of May the following order was given:—

"*At the Court of Whitehall, the 8th of May, 1672.*

"His majesty was graciously pleased to declare that he will pardon all those persons called Quakers now in prison for any offence committed only relating to his majesty and not to the prejudice of any other persons. And it was thereupon ordered by his majesty in council that a list of the names of the Quakers in the several prisons, together with the causes of their commitment, be, and is, herewith sent to his majesty's attorney-general, who is required and authorized to prepare a bill for his majesty's royal signature, containing a pardon to pass the great seal of England for all such to whom his majesty may legally grant the same," &c.

The following letter was sent from the council board at Whitehall to the sheriffs of the different counties:

"After our hearty commendations. Whereas, request hath been made unto his majesty, in behalf of the Quakers who remain at present in several gaols and prisons of his kingdom, that his majesty would be pleased to extend his mercy towards them, and give order for their relief; which his majesty, taking into consideration, hath thought fit, in order to his clearer information, before he resolve anything therein, to command us to write these our letters unto you; and, accordingly, we do hereby will and require you to procure a perfect list of the names, times, and causes of the commitment of all such persons called Quakers as are remaining in any gaol or prison within this country, and to return the same forthwith to this board. So, nothing doubting of your ready performance of this his majesty's command, we bid you heartily farewell."

Thomas Moore still continued his scruples before the attorney-general, and Finch, then attorney-general, told him, "Mr. Moore, if you'll not accept of his majesty's pardon, I'll tell him you'll not accept thereof." But Whitehead argued the signification of the word with his friend, and Moore's scruples were at length overcome.

The rumor soon got wind that the king had extended his Declaration of Indulgence, and consented to the release of his old enemies the Quakers. Baptists, Presbyterians, Independents, and sectaries of all kinds, "hearing of this, and seeing," says Whitehead, "what way we had made with the king for our friends' release, desired that their friends in prison might be discharged with ours, and have their names in the same instrument." Sectaries of all kinds went to the Quaker Whitehead, and earnestly requested his advice and assistance.

"Whereupon," says Whitehead, "I advised them to petition the king for his warrant to have them inserted in the same patent with the Quakers, which accordingly they did petition for and obtain; so that there a few names of other Dissenters who were prisoners in Bedfordshire, Kent, and Wiltshire (as I remember,) in the same catalogue and instrument with our friends, and released thereby, which I was also very glad of; for our being of different judgments and societies did not abate my

compassion or charity towards them who had been my opposers in some cases. Blessed be the Lord my God, who is the Father and Fountain of mercies; whose love to us in Christ Jesus should oblige us to be merciful and kind to one another."

When the pardon or patent was ready for delivery, the friends got frightened at the amount of fees properly payable upon it. The usual charge was a fee of above twenty pounds on each person, and the Dissenting sects in England were then both poor and needy. The patent enumerated the names of above four hundred persons, and the fees at the customary rate had amounted to at least ten thousand pounds. The friends of the Shoreham fisherman applied once more to the king, and the following order was issued forthwith:—

[*Locus Sigilli.*]

"His majesty is pleased to command that it be signified as his pleasure to the respective offices and sealers where the pardon to the Quakers is to pass, that the pardon, though comprehending great numbers of persons, do yet pass as one pardon, and pay but as one."

"ARLINGTON.

"At the Court of Whitehall,  
Sept. 13, 1672."

Whitehead quaintly observes on this, "Note, that though we had this warrant from the king, yet we had trouble from some of the covetous clerks, who did strive hard to exact upon us."

The pardon was dated the same day, and some of the Quakers carried the deed in procession round the kingdom. "The patent," says Whitehead, "was so big and cumbersome, in a leathern case, and tin box, and great seal in it, that Edward Mann was so cumbered with carrying it hanging by his side, that he was fain to tie it cross the horse's back behind him." The original patent fills eleven skins of parchment, and is still preserved among the records of the Society of Friends. The curious reader will find it printed entire at the end of Whitehead's interesting picture of his own life, with an alphabetical key to the names which it enumerates, some four hundred in number, and all unknown to fame save one, and that one the poor and contemptible servant of Jesus Christ, as he calls himself, John Bunyan.

From this it would appear that Bunyan owed his release to the Quakers, and the Quakers their pardon to the king's recollection of the master and mate who took him on board their boat at Shoreham, and effected his escape to France after the fatal fight at Worcester. The Penderells were among the first to congratulate the king on his return, but friend Carver kept away till he had something to ask, not for himself, but for his friends suffering in the Lord. Trusty Dick Penderell had a pension for life, and trusty Dick Carver a compliance with his request, neither a small nor personal one, but large and of state importance. "He did what he did to relieve a man [that is, the king] in distress, and now he desired nothing of him [the king] but that he would set friends at liberty who were great sufferers." Bunyan might have spent the remainder of his life in prison but for the timely intercession of the Shoreham fisherman and his old enemies the Quakers. The fine old Baptist dreamer lived sixteen years after his release. Little, however, has been recorded of him in this time. Owen, we are told, admired his preaching, and when asked by Charles

II. "How a learned man such as he was could sit and listen to an illiterate tinker!" is said to have replied, "May it please your majesty, could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."

Bunyan died on the 31st of August, 1688, at the house of his friend Mr. Strudwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star, on Snow Hill, and was buried in that friend's vault in Bunhill Fields burial-ground. Modern curiosity has marked the place of his interment with this brief inscription:—

MR. JOHN BUNYAN,  
AUTHOR OF  
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,  
OB. 31ST AUGUST, 1688.  
AT. 60.

There is no entry of his burial in the register at Bunhill Fields, and there was no inscription upon his grave when Curnell published his Bunhill-Fields Inscriptions in 1717, or Strype his edition of Stow in 1720. Many, it is said, have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited. No kind of proper veneration should be bestowed in vain; we trust, therefore, that the place of Bunyan's interment has been correctly marked.

A thoughtful mind may pass an hour very profitably in the Campo Santo of the Dissenters at Bunhill Fields. There is no outward or visible sign of attractive interest about the place. Monuments abound; but mere head-stones, with some twenty or thirty altar-tombs, and no attempt at art among the thousands that surround you. The thoughtful visitor must bring his associations with him. Dull and uninviting though it looks, the place will well repay you. Great men are buried here. Two of the best-known names in English literature are here interred, and the place has a sanctity from its first use that will fill you with awe and gratitude to God.

The site of this cemetery was part of the famous fen or moor, described by Fitzstephen as watering the walls of London on the north side. Moorfields and Finsbury Fields, now Finsbury, preserve a memory of its original condition. It was first effectually drained in 1527, when Stow, the historian of London, was two years old. The flags, sedges, and rushes, with which it was overgrown, were removed, and part was turned into pasture, and part into a city laystall. Three windmills were erected on the highest laystall. Stow mentions three, and Aggas, in his large map, confirms the accuracy of the city historian in this trifling particular. Finsbury soon became famous for its windmills, and Shirley refers to them in his play of the *Wedding*, though the allusion has been overlooked by Mr. Gifford and his fellow-assistant Mr. Dyce, in their edition of this interesting old dramatist.\* Windmill street, Finsbury, perpetuates a memory of these suburban windmills.

The laystalls were removed in the third year of King James, during the mayoralty of Sir Leonard Halliday, and the fields laid out "into new and pleasant walks." The citizens affected to laugh at the mayor for his pains, and called it in derision a *Holiday* work; but when they saw what was done they ceased to laugh. The ground was then one fine level, and musters took place here. "Is this Moorfields to muster in?" says a charac-

\* Shirley, vol. i., p. 421. There are two pages with this number.

ter in Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.*; and Davenant describes it, in 1634, as covered by laundresses and bleachers with acres of old linen. As the ground improved, it became a fashionable city promenade upon a Sunday; and Bassompierre, who was ambassador here in 1626, tells us that he "went to walk in the Morffield." Shadwell commemorates the cudgel-players, and Wycherley the organ and tongs at the Gun in Moorfields. The Artillery Company removed from Bishopgate to Moorfields in the year 1622. Strype describes the relative position of the new artillery ground, "being the third great field," he says, "from Moorgate, next the six windmills."

There were three great fields appertaining to the manor of Finsbury Farm when the survey of the 30th of December, 1567, was taken.\* These three fields were named Bonhill Field, Mallow Field, and the High Field, or Meadow Ground, "where the three windmills stand, commonly called Finsbury Field." "Bonhill Field containeth," says the Survey, "twenty-three acres, one rod, and six poles; butting upon Chiswell street on the south, and on the north upon the highway that leadeth from Wenlock's Barn to the well called Dame Agnes the Cleere." Wenlock's Barn no longer exists; and the well, called St. Agnes le Clair (corruptly called *Anniseed Cleer*) was, in 1761, if not before, converted into a cold bath. The efficacy of this spring is referred to by one of Ben Jonson's characters in his play of *Bartholomew Fair*.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the fields about Finsbury were the usual resort of the plainer citizens. Master Stephen, a country gull, in *Every Man in his Humor*, is indignant at the idea of being suspected, though dwelling at Hoxton, of keeping company with the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington ponds. The archers of Finsbury found full employment for the bowyers and bowstring-makers, who dwelt in Grub street, immediately adjoining; but, when archery gave way to bowling-greens and dicing-houses, Grub street was tenanted by the hack authors of the booksellers in Little Britain, and the ballad-makers that befriended the rails of Bedlam and Moorfields. Grub street has since undergone another change; authors no longer inhabit this notorious locality, and Grub street is now known as Milton street, from the nearness of its locality to the last garden residence of the great epic poet of our nation.

When the great plague of 1665 broke out, of which De Foe has left so terrible a description, the field called Bonhill Field was made use of as a common place of interment for the victims of that dreadful scourge.

"I have heard," says De Foe, "that in a great pit in Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate, it lying open then to the fields, for it was not then walled about, many, who were infected and near their end, and delirious, also, ran, wrapped in blankets or rugs, and threw themselves in, and expired there, before any earth could be thrown upon them. When they come to bury others, and found them there, they were quite dead, though not cold."

This is a sad picture of the pleasant walks of Moorfields in the year 1665. Nor is the picture of the following year much brighter, for the dreadful fire of 1666 drove the inhabitants of

London without the walls of their burning city into the fields of Finsbury and Hoxton. Here they erected sheds and shops, living in tents like gipsies, till such time as they could return to their old localities, though not to their old habitations.

When the plague was over, the great pit in Finsbury was enclosed with a brick wall, "at the sole charges of the City of London." The convenience of the site, the size, and, if the expression may be allowed, the consecrated nature of the ground, recommended it soon after to the notice of the great dissenting sects in London, who conscientiously scrupled to the burial-service of the Book of Common Prayer. What stipulation was made with the city is unknown, but here all the interments of the dissenters took place. The city subsequently leased it to a person of the name of Tindal, the same lessee who refused to furnish Maitland with a return of the number of burials in any one year. "This obstinate refusal," says Maitland, "put me upon inquiring of John Smith, the grave-digger, who assured me that, though he kept no register, yet, in the course of his long services, he had made such observations, that he was sure they buried annually between seven and eight hundred."\*

It is to be regretted that no dissenter has thought it worth his while to compose a proper account of this Campo Santo of his sect, a work much wanted and of some research. Very little or no care seems to be taken of the many memorials of the dead; the register is very imperfect, and the inscriptions are fast wearing away. No Old Mortality repairs a fading letter with religious care, and no printed book preserves anything like a mere common transcriber's account of what is daily disappearing. This should not be. A careful restoration of the better-class inscriptions might be done at a comparatively trifling cost. The sale of a sixpenny guide-book would, when the purport of its publication was fully known, more than repay, or we are much mistaken, the total of a mason's bill for this common piece of commemorative gratitude. But it must be set about soon, or it will be attempted when it is too late. We call upon the Court of Common Council, the nominal keepers of this interesting cemetery, to stir at once in the matter; and we call upon the whole body of dissenters, throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, to put at once this Westminster Abbey of their sects in order.

We have been at some pains in compiling what must necessarily be a very imperfect account of the eminent dead who are buried in Bunhill Fields. But the task has been a pleasing one. We have succeeded in identifying, to ourselves at least, a dull, damp, and gloomy-looking square of ground, with many attractive spots, over which we may speculate when the humor is upon us. The little reveries into which men occasionally run when the workday business of the world is past, make many of the duller hours of life innocently pleasing. The churchyard of Stoke in Buckinghamshire, which suggested to Gray his inimitable *Elegy*, is, by this one circumstance alone, an interesting spot; but when we know that the poet of the *Elegy* is buried in the same churchyard, there is a further link of interest to enchain the contemplative mind to the spot a little longer.

The first person of any eminence buried in Bunhill Fields, of whom our researches will enable us

\* Strype, b. iv., p. 101.

\* Maitland, ed. 1739, p. 537.

to give any account, was Dr. Thomas Goodwin, the Independent preacher, who attended Oliver Cromwell on his death-bed. Cromwell had then his moments of misgiving, and he asked of Goodwin, who was standing by, if the doctrine were true that the elect could never finally fall. "Nothing could be more certain," was Goodwin's answer. "Then am I safe," said Cromwell, "for I am sure that *once* I was in a state of grace!" Cromwell foresaw that his hour was come, but Goodwin pretended not to see it, and is said to have assured him that he was not then to die. But die he did, within a very few minutes after. Yet Goodwin maintained the reality of the assurance he had received by prayer, and, at a fast at Whitehall, a week after Cromwell's death, was heard to say, in an address to God, "Thou hast deceived us, and we were deceived." This Burnet had from Tillotson, who was present and heard it. Dr. Thomas Goodwin died on the 23d of February, 1679, at the great age of eighty. His epitaph, preserved in Strype, was written, says Antony Wood, by Mr. Thomas Gilbert, of Oxford, "the common epitaph-maker for dissenters, being one himself."

The second person of eminence interred in Bunhill Fields, of whom we find a note, was the learned Dr. John Owen, dean of Christchurch, and vice-chancellor of Oxford when Cromwell was chancellor of that university. He was much in favor with his party, and preached the first sermon before the Parliament after the execution of Charles I. Cromwell carried him to Ireland and to Scotland; and Clarendon, at the restoration, offered him speedy preferment in the church. This he did not accept, but died, like Calamy and Baxter, a steady and unflinching nonconformist. He was a man of more learning and politeness than any of the Independents, and met with the esteem, as he deserved, of all parties. Dr. Owen died on the 24th of August, 1683, at the age of sixty-seven, and was buried at Bunhill Fields, in a new vault towards the east end of the ground, over which was erected an altar tomb of freestone, with a Latin inscription from the pen of a ready writer, the facile Mr. Gilbert.

The two sturdy Independents, Goodwin and Owen, were followed to the grave, in 1688, by the Baptist Bunyan,—

"The *Pilgrim's Progress* now is finished,  
And Death has laid him in his earthly bed."

Fox followed Bunyan. George Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers, is the next eminent individual buried in Bunhill Fields. His *Journal* is a scarce, but very entertaining book, and one, therefore, that should not continue scarce. He was born, in 1624, at Crayton, in Leicestershire, and apprenticed "to a man that was a shoemaker by trade, and that dealt in wool, and used grazing, and sold cattle." This is his own description of his master's pursuits, and is, as it appears to us, an exact description of the trade of Shakspeare's father, who is described as a glover by some of his biographers, and as a considerable dealer in wool by others. Fox's master united many callings in an age when a subdivision of labor was not so much practised or so well understood as now. Is it unfair to suppose that Shakspeare's father may have done the same? Fox died in 1690, in White Hart Court, Bishopgate Street. There is no memorial to his memory,—

"Observe the place and uninscribed the stone," if stone there ever was to distinguish the grave of one who deserves a monument from the sect he called into permanent existence.

The mild and peaceable George Fox was followed to his grave in Bunhill Fields by Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, the Lord-Deputy Fleetwood of the Civil Wars, Oliver Cromwell's son-in-law, and the husband of the widow of the gloomy Ireton. Fleetwood had no great brilliancy of parts, but he was a gallant soldier, though destitute of that fine soldierly quality, decision. When Monk was debating what he should do, whether he should restore the king, or continue the command of the nation in a council of officers, Fleetwood was advised by Whitelock to be beforehand with Monk, and offer his sword and services to the king. The advice was good, and Fleetwood seemed inclined to adopt it. Such, however, was his indecision, that meeting with Vane and Desborough, just as Whitelock was going away, he was induced to tie his fortunes to the sword of Lambert. The upshot of this irresolution is well known. Monk was made Duke of Albemarle by a grateful monarch Lambert banished for life to the island of Guernsey, and Fleetwood allowed to end his days in singing psalms about Hoxton and Stoke-Newington. A stone in the burying-ground of Bunhill Fields recorded the death of Charles Fleetwood, Esq., at the age of seventy-four, on the 4th of October, 1692. It was there when Strype drew up his additions to Stow, but the curious inquirer will now search in vain for any memorial of the kind.

Another memorial existing in Bunhill Fields, and preserved by Strype, was a stone to the memory of "Mr. Roger Morris, M. A., and chaplain to the late Hon. Denzil Lord Hollis." Morris died at the age of seventy-three, on the 17th January, 1701. "This gentleman," says Strype, and his name deserves remembrance for this one act alone, "was a very diligent collector of ecclesiastical MSS. relating to the later history of the English church, whereof he left vast heaps behind him, and who favored me with his correspondence." Denzil, Lord Hollis, was one of the five members impeached by King Charles I. He was a steady Presbyterian, and has left his *Memoirs* behind him full of hatred and bitterness to Cromwell, whose ends he foresaw, but could neither favor nor retard.

There is a pleasure in turning from the graves of men who filled important stations and effected very little good in their generations, to the graves of men who have been the humble instruments of important and enduring benefactions to society at large. We must own to a kind of secret pleasure which we felt in standing by the side of the tomb of Dr. Daniel Williams. This Dr. Williams, who died in 1716, was the founder of the library in Red Cross street, which bears his name. The library which Archbishop Tenison gave to the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields was not half so large, or for its size, half so important. When Dissenters, by principles of their own adoption, were excluded from the advantages of church-registration of baptism for their children, there was a register kept in Dr. Williams' library, wherein parents might enter the births of their children, with all the legal advantages of a Church of England register. Dr. Dibdin is silent on the subject of Williams' claim to be considered a *bibliomaniac*; but surely he had a greater right than very many he has mentioned

to whatever honor may rise from so uncertain a distinction.

Williams the collector, and, better still, the preserver of books for his own and for others' use, was followed to the cemetery by a seller and a writer of books of some notoriety in his day. This was old John Dunton, the bookseller, whose *Life and Errors* is still a work of authority on the lives of our old stationers and divines. His other writings are of very little value, but this one work is full of whim, information and amusement.

Dunton was followed to a grave in the burial-ground of Bunhill Fields by George Whitehead, whose autobiography, called *The Christian Progress of George Whitehead*, had been of real service to literature in preserving the true story of John Bunyan's release from gaol. All the early writings of the Quakers will well repay perusal. Fox's *Journal*, Ellwood's *Life*, Barclay's *Apology*, and Whitehead's *Christian Progress*; nor should Sewell's *History of the Quakers* be omitted from this list: it is a curious account of a sect of some historical importance from the Restoration to the death of Anne.

The two most popular books in the English language, from childhood to old age, are, the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*, *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, for we hardly know which to place first. "Was there ever yet anything written by mere man," said Dr. Johnson, "that was wished longer by its readers, excepting *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*?" We have nothing to do with *Don Quixote*, on this occasion, but here are two out of three books which belong to England. The praise is high, perhaps excessive; but canvass England through, and you will find five ages, out of the seven ages of man, that will back the doctor in this judgment. Sir Walter Scott calls the *Pilgrim's Progress* a matchless parable, and so it is. He awards high praise, moreover, to *Robinson Crusoe*; but Mr. Hallam tells us to be careful how we break down the landmarks of Fame by placing the John Bunyans and the Daniel De Foes among the *divi majores* of our worship. We take his hint. Thank you, Mr. Hallam; but we are still of Dr. Johnson's way of thinking.

We feel, or pretend to feel, a particular kind of island pride when we stand by the tomb of Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon, or the grave of Bacon, in the little church of St. Michael; or the grave of Milton, in St. Giles', Cripplegate; and our bosoms throb with feelings of national emotion when, within St. Paul's, we survey the sarcophagus of Nelson, or, in the Abbey, the graves of Chaucer, Newton, and men whose names are not confined to the limits of the sound of stupendous Bow, but are heard ringing from side to side of the four quarters of the world. We have felt this feeling, too, at Dryburgh by the grave of Scott, and at Dumfries by the grave of Burns. We have felt it, too, in Bunhill Fields, by the grave of Bunyan; and, at a short distance from his grave, by the side of some rough, rude heap of mould, which, we fancied to ourselves, lay lightly on the mouldering bones of Daniel De Foe.

Here De Foe lies buried! He was born in 1661, in the parish of St. Giles', Cripplegate, and was buried in the great pit of Finsbury, which he has described in his *Plague Year* with such terrific reality, and that one word contains the whole secret of his strength. He lies like truth; his very fictions have all the air and sincerity of a de-

position upon oath. How bare and ignorant is the entry of his burial:—

" 1731, April 26, Mr. Dubow, Cripplegate."

But sextons and clerks are proverbially illiterate. The witty Farquhar is described as Mr. George *Falkwere*, in the burial-register of St. Martin's in the Fields. Sextons would have made a sad hand with the name of Shakspeare, had the poet died remote from his native Stratford. But Shakspeare returned to die among the scenes of his boyhood: the Avon was dearer to him than the Thames or the Tiber.

De Foe was followed to the grave, in 1742, by Mrs. Susannah Wesley, the wife of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, and the mother of John and Charles Wesley. John was the founder of the people called Methodists, and Charles was the first person who was called a Methodist. There is a head-stone to her memory; and in the Wesleyan chapel, over against the entry to Bunhill Fields burying-ground, a tablet to each of her two eminent sons. John Wesley died in 1791, and his remains repose in the dirty little burying-ground behind the chapel which bears his name. The Wesleyans should really see to the disgraceful state of this burying-ground. Men who differ from them in their tenets, still respect John Wesley; and when they look reverently on his grave, should not have occasion to be offended with the dirt and neglect which they see about them.

The best-kept tomb in Bunhill Fields covers the remains of Dr. Isaac Watts, a man eminently pious and eminently a benefactor to his species. Johnson has a high and characteristic criticism upon him; but his devotional poetry he thought, like that of others, unsatisfactory:—

" The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others, what no man has done well."

Cowper quarrels with Johnson on this point.

But Cowper, in defending Watts, was fighting the battle of his own *Olney Hymns*. No true poet (though the poet of the *Task* was a true one) will differ from Johnson in this judgment. Dr. Watts died 25th Nov., 1748, in his seventy-fifth year. There is a monument to his memory, where he well deserves to have one, in Westminster Abbey.

Eighty years elapsed before another name of eminence could be added to the list of illustrious dead interred in the plain and unpretending burial-ground at Bunhill Fields. This was William Blake, the painter. If old John Bunyan was a glorious dreamer in words, William Blake, the painter, was a gentle visionary in shapes, and fancies, and airy somethings upon paper. Blake, who died on the 12th August, 1828, should have been buried by the side of John Bunyan. There is no stone to mark the place of his interment; but the late Mr. J. T. Smith, a curious inquirer in matters of this kind, has marked the spot exactly in his *Memoir* of the painter. Blake, he tells us, lies buried at the distance of about twenty-five feet from the north wall, in the grave numbered 80. We wish some curious inquirer of the time had done as much for old De Foe. Memoranda of this description gratify thousands who take an interest in everything connected with a name eminently great: they are easily made at the time, and, if omitted, no after ingenuity of research can supply their want.

Blake, who always saw in fancy every form he drew, believed that angels descended to painters of old, and sat for their portraits. When he himself sat to Phillips for that fine portrait, so beautifully engraved by Schiavonetti, the painter, in order to obtain the most unaffected attitude and the most poetic expression, engaged his sitter in a conversation concerning the sublime in art:—

“ We hear much,” said Phillips, “ of the grandeur of Michael Angelo: from the engravings, I should say, he has been overrated; he could not paint an angel so well as Raphael.”

“ He has not been overrated, sir,” said Blake, “ and he could paint an angel better than Raphael.”

“ Well, but,” said the other, “ you never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo; and, perhaps, speak from the opinions of others; your friends may have deceived you.”

“ I never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo,” replied Blake, “ but I speak from the opinion of a friend who could not be mistaken.”

“ A valuable friend, truly,” said Phillips; “ and who may he be, I pray?”

“ The archangel Gabriel, sir,” answered Blake.

“ A good authority, surely; but you know evil spirits love to assume the looks of good ones, and this may have been done to mislead you.”

“ Well now, sir,” said Blake, “ this is really singular! such were my own suspicions, but they were soon removed. I will tell you how. I was one day reading Young’s *Night Thoughts*, and when I came to that passage which asks *Who can paint an angel?* I closed the book and cried, ‘ Ah, who can paint an angel?’ A voice in the room answered, ‘ Michael Angelo could! ’ ‘ And how do you know?’ I said, looking round me, but I saw nothing save a greater light than usual. ‘ I know,’ said the voice, ‘ for I sat to him. I am the archangel Gabriel! ’ ‘ Oho! ’ I answered, ‘ you are, are you? I must have better assurance than that of a wandering voice. You may be an evil spirit: there are such in the land.’ ‘ You shall have good assurance,’ said the voice. ‘ Can an evil spirit do this?’ I looked whence the voice came, and was then aware of a shining shape, with bright wings, who diffused much light. As I looked, the shape dilated more and more; he waved his hands, the roof of my study opened, he ascended into heaven, he stood in the sun, and, beckoning to me, moved the universe. An angel of evil could not have done that—it was the archangel Gabriel! ’ ”

Near the rails to that part of the ground which faces the City Road rest the remains of Thomas Hardy, secretary to, and one of the three who commenced the London Corresponding Society, but best known by his trial for treason in company with John Horne Tooke. Mr. Hardy was tried and acquitted in the year 1794, and died in the year 1832. He was a mild and inoffensive man: we speak of his later years, when the visionary schemes of his youth were subdued down to plans of a more practicable nature. He loved to talk of his trial, and of the ferment of those yeasty times.

Thomas Stothard, the last name upon our list, died the 27th of April, 1834, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. He is best known by his “ Canterbury Pilgrimage,” and his illustrations to the “ Italy” and smaller poems of Rogers; but his best works, to our thinking, are his illustrations of “ The Pilgrim’s Progress” and “ Robinson Crusoe.” He was fond of drawing “ Christiana

and her children,” and “ Christian with the Pilgrim.” The great work of De Foe was frequently before him, and one of his most impressive designs was from this favorite author—“ Robinson Crusoe on his lonesome isle, scared with the print of a man’s foot upon the sand.” It is long since we have seen it, but its image is still unmistakably before us. There is no thinking of this incident in De Foe in any other shape than the way in which it is drawn by Stothard. He loved De Foe for the truth and reality of his descriptions, and De Foe had loved him in return for the unaffected beauty of his designs. It is right they should lie together.

#### THE SONG OF SEVENTY.

I AM not old—I cannot be old,  
Though threescore years and ten  
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,  
The lives of other men.

I am not old: though friends and foes  
Alike have gone to their graves,  
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,  
As a rock in the midst of the waves.

I am not old—I cannot be old,  
Though tottering, wrinkled and gray;  
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,  
Call me not old to-day.

For early memories round me throng,  
Old times, and manners, and men;  
As I look behind on my journey so long  
Of threescore miles and ten:

I look behind, and am once more young,  
Buoyant, and brave, and bold;  
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,  
Before they called me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—  
Shrivelled, and haggard, and gray;  
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,  
As she was on her wedding-day.

I do not see you daughters and sons,  
In the likeness of women and men;  
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,  
My fond little children then.

And as my own grandson rides on my knee,  
Or plays with his hoop or kite,  
I can well recollect I was merry as he—  
The bright-eyed little wight!

’Tis not long since—it cannot be long—  
My years so soon were spent,  
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,  
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream—it is all a dream!  
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;  
For old as I am, and old as I seem,  
My heart is full of youth.

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,  
And ear hath not heard it sung,  
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,  
Is the heart, forever young;

Forever young—though life’s old age  
Hath every nerve unstrung;  
The heart, the heart is a heritage  
That keeps the old man young.

From the British Quarterly Review.

1. *Meteorological Observations and Essays.* By JOHN DALTON, D.C.L., F.R.S. First Edition, 1793. Second Edition, 1834.
2. *A New System of Chemical Philosophy.* By JOHN DALTON. Part I., 1808. Part II., 1810. Vol. II., 1827.
3. *Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester from 1793 to 1836.*

THE recent decease of Dalton, the greatest of English chemists, and one of the most distinguished cultivators of general physics, has naturally awakened a desire, on the part of many, to know something concerning his scientific discoveries and personal history. No satisfactory account has been hitherto published either of the former or the latter. We trust that the following sketch will go some way towards supplying this deficiency.

John Dalton was born at Eaglesfield, near Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 5th of September, 1766. His father, Joseph Dalton, was originally a person of no property, but after the death of an elder brother, he became possessed of a small copyhold estate, which he farmed with the assistance of his sons. He had six children, of whom only three survived to maturity—Jonathan, John, the subject of this article, and Mary. The first-named of these obtained the estate on the decease of his father, and retained it till his own death, in or near the year 1835, when it became the property of John Dalton.

Joseph, the father, though straitened in circumstances, strove to give his family the best education within his means, and John attended a school conducted by a member of the Society of Friends, named John Fletcher, until he had attained his twelfth year. We have no means of knowing anything concerning the nature or amount of the instructions which he received at this school, (the only one he ever attended; but he is said "to have made very considerable progress in knowledge," and he always spoke with respect of his early preceptor. That he did make such progress, and that he gave early proof of rare energy and natural capability, we may gather from the fact, that at the age of twelve or thirteen, he commenced a school in his native village, and persevered in teaching during two winters.

So modest, unassuming, and conscientious a man, as Dalton proved himself in after-life to be, must have been conscious, even at that early age, of the possession, both of knowledge, and of the power to impart it, or he would not have committed himself to so difficult a task. How he prospered in it we are not told, but probably not greatly, for we learn that his vacant time was occupied in assisting his father upon his farm; and he is said to have taken part in the labor of altering the farm house. He manifested a strong tendency towards mathematical pursuits when very young, and had some assistance in the prosecution of his taste in that respect from a gentleman named Robinson, who, along with his wife, an accomplished woman, directed the studies of the young philosopher.

In 1781, at the age of fifteen, Dalton removed to Kendal, where his cousin, named George Bewley, then resided, as the teacher of a boarding school, with whom the brother of Dalton had lived as an assistant. Dalton succeeded his brother in this office, and resided in Kendal till 1793, actively

engaged in learning and teaching mathematics and the physical sciences. During his residence in that town, he attracted the attention of Mr. Gough, a blind gentleman, who, in spite of his misfortune, was devoted to the study of physics and natural history. Mr. Gough had an excellent library and some apparatus, which he placed freely at the disposal of Dalton, who soon became his assistant and companion. The service required was of a light and pleasant description, and the blind philosopher, who was possessed of excellent natural abilities, and had obtained a liberal education, appears to have acted the kindest part towards Dalton, who, in return, was never weary of expressing his sense of obligation to his benefactor. When Dalton published his Meteorological Essays, in 1793, he said, in reference to Mr. Gough—"If there be anything new, and of importance to science, embraced in this work, it is owing, in great part, to my having had the advantage of his instructions and example in philosophical examination." And although we may believe that Dalton's modesty led him somewhat to over-estimate his obligation to Mr. Gough, there can be no doubt that a person whose early education had been comparatively so neglected, must have derived the greatest benefit from intercourse with such a person as the latter is described to have been. After his death, and so late as 1834, Dalton spoke of him as a prodigy in scientific attainments, considering the disadvantages under which he labored, and added—

"There are few branches of science in which he did not either excel, or of which he had not a competent knowledge. Astronomy, optics, pneumatics, chemistry, natural history in general, and botany in particular, may be mentioned.

"For about eight years," continues Dalton, "during my residence in Kendal, we were intimately acquainted. Mr. Gough was as much gratified in imparting his stores of science as I was in receiving them; my use to him was chiefly in reading, writing, and making calculations and diagrams, and in participating with him in the pleasure resulting from successful investigations; but as Mr. Gough was above receiving any pecuniary recompense, the balance of advantage was greatly in my favor, and I am glad of having this opportunity of acknowledging it."

From the year 1784 to 1794, we find Dalton contributing largely to two works, of some celebrity in their day, but now little remembered, entitled, "The Gentleman's and the Lady's Diary." In 1788, he commenced his meteorological observations, which led, directly or indirectly, to all his great discoveries, and were continued till the day before his death. In 1793, he published his first work—"Meteorological Observations and Essays," to which more particular reference will be made hereafter.

Some time previous to the appearance of that publication, Dalton had thought of qualifying himself to practise either as a physician or a lawyer, and corresponded with a friend in London on the subject. But his views were changed in consequence of the receipt of a letter, by his friend Mr. Gough, from Dr. Barnes, making inquiry for a gentleman to fill the situation of Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, in the new college, Mosley-street, Manchester. Dalton's offer to undertake the duties was accepted, and he removed, in 1793, to Manchester, where he spent the remainder of his days.

The year after settling in that town, Dalton

joined a society, which had been established for some time, under the title of the "Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society." To the transactions of this body—the most celebrated of all our provincial scientific associations—he contributed a series of papers, containing the results of original researches of the highest value. These, along with a few others on kindred subjects, have conferred on the society's periodical publications, best known as the "Manchester Memoirs," a celebrity which has extended beyond the nations of Europe. Dalton resided for about six years within the Mosley-street institution, and continued to officiate there till the college was removed to York, in 1799, when he began to teach mathematics and natural philosophy privately, at the charge, it is said, of eighteen-pence an hour.

In this humble occupation he was engaged, when, in 1804, he unfolded the laws which he had discovered to regulate the proportions in which substances combine chemically with each other, along with the hypothesis, by means of which he accounted for their existence and expounded them. The laws and the hypothesis are generally, though erroneously, taken together, and included under the single title of his "Atomic Theory."

Here, then, we may, for awhile, arrest the course of purely biographical detail, and leaving Dalton teaching his mathematics at eighteen-pence an hour, turn to the consideration of his scientific discoveries.

We need scarcely say that it will not be possible to offer more than the briefest sketch of these; and that even this will be out of our power, unless we confine ourselves to the chief points in relation to them. We shall select, therefore, his "Atomic Theory" as the main subject of illustration, and consider his other discoveries as they stand related to it. Great unity, and the impress of intellectual consistency, are stamped on all Dalton's labors. With few exceptions, they bear closely and directly upon each other, and on the atomic hypothesis of combining proportion, to which they ultimately led, and round which they naturally group themselves. The method which we shall follow, will serve, accordingly, both to bring out the nature and value of his discoveries in science, and to indicate the train of speculation and inquiry by which he was conducted to them.

As the first step, towards this, we have to consider the laws of proportional combination which are universally received as true by chemists. They are four in number, and refer to combination by *weight*; the laws of combination by *volume* being excluded from our present inquiry. Three of them were discovered by Dalton; all of them were brought into new prominence by his labors; and his atomic theory, or rather hypothesis, as it should be called, is an endeavor to explain them, by assuming a peculiar ultimate constitution of matter, which absolutely necessitates their existence. These laws are based upon one, deeper and more fundamental than themselves, which is assumed in their enunciation, and is to the following effect:—*The same compound consists invariably of the same components.* Water, for example, always consists of oxygen and hydrogen; common salt, of chlorine and sodium; vermillion, of sulphur and mercury. Exceptions to this law were at one time thought to exist, in the case of certain minerals and native gems, such as garnet, which seemed to exhibit constant physical characters,

and yet to vary in their constituent ingredients. But Mitscherlich's discovery of Isomorphism not only solved the difficulty attending the consideration of these, but in the end supplied new confirmation of the law which at first it seemed to contradict. This, then, premised, we may enter at once on the consideration of the following laws:—

The first of these is generally named the law of *Definite proportion*, but should rather be called the law of *Constant proportion*. It teaches, that the elements which form a chemical compound are always united in it in the *same* proportion by weight. Water not only consists invariably of oxygen and hydrogen, but the weight of oxygen present is always eight times greater than that of hydrogen. Whether we obtain it from lake, or river, or sea, or glacier, or iceberg; from rain, or snow, or hail, or dew; from the structures of plants or the bodies of animals; whether it has been formed ages ago by the hand of nature, or is produced on the instant by mingling together its elements in the most random way, the ratio of its components is immutably the same: eight-ninths of its weight are always oxygen, and the remaining ninth, hydrogen. It is the same with every compound. Common salt always contains 35 parts of chlorine to 22 of sodium; marble, 22 of carbonic acid to 28 of lime; vermillion, 16 of sulphur to 101 of mercury. In virtue of this law, a number can be found for every body, simple or compound, expressing the ratio in which (or in a multiple or submultiple of which) it combines with every other. Any series of numbers may be taken to represent these combining ratios, provided the due proportion is maintained among them, so that the number for oxygen shall be eight times greater than that for hydrogen, that for nitrogen fourteen times greater, that for sulphur sixteen times, that for iron twenty-seven times, and so on, according to the relations which analysis brings out. Different scales of combining numbers are in use among chemists; but the only one we need consider is that which makes hydrogen 1, and counts from it upwards. The numbers in this scale are all small, and do not, in the majority of cases, go beyond two integers.\*

It must not be forgotten that such tables represent relative, not absolute weights. Of the smallest possible quantity of oxygen which can combine with the smallest possible quantity of hydrogen, we know nothing; all that we are certain of is, that it is eight times greater than that of hydrogen, whatever that be. None of the numbers taken singly has any absolute value: the 16, for example, which, in tables of the kind we are discussing, stands against sulphur, does not represent 16 grains, 16 millionths of a grain, or any other absolute quantity: its value appears only when it is taken in connexion with the number attached to hydrogen, to which the quite arbitrary value of 1 has been given. We may give any value we please to any one of the elementary bodies we choose to fix upon for a commencement, and call

\* In conformity with the universal practice of chemists, in illustrating the laws of combining proportion, we have here, and elsewhere throughout this paper, employed round numbers, cutting off the decimal fractions, by which the exact combining proportions exceed or fall short of these. The equivalent of oxygen, for example, is not 8, but 8.01; that of nitrogen, not 14, but 14.06; and so on with many others. The equivalents of a few of the elementary bodies are round numbers: carbon is 6; calcium, 20: the greater number are not.

it 1, 10, 100,  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}$ , or any other integer or fraction; but here our liberty ceases. The relation between the numbers is absolute, though their individual value is not; and from the settled figure we must count upwards or downwards, or both ways, so as to maintain inviolate the relative values throughout the series.

The law we are discussing, as we have already stated, is generally called that of *definite* proportion, but, as we think, erroneously; for it asserts something more than that the proportion in which the elements of a compound unite is *definite*; it affirms, also, that it is *constant*, or always the same. The elements of a compound *must* be united in definite proportion. A definite weight of water, for example, must consist of a definite weight of hydrogen and of oxygen; but the proportion of these elements might be quite variable, so that one specimen of water should be found to contain 1 hydrogen to 8 oxygen; another, 8 hydrogen to 1 oxygen; a third, a moiety of either ingredient; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The native garnet, to which reference has already been made, is always a definite compound; but the proportion of its ingredients varies within wide limits, so that while one specimen contains 27 per cent. of a certain constituent *alumina*, another does not contain 1 per cent. The alum of the dyer may in the same way contain a proportion of peroxide of iron, varying in different specimens from 1 to 90 per cent.; and differences in the ratio of ingredients as great as these occur in all the combinations of what are called isomorphous bodies. These garnets and alums, however, are in reality mixtures in variable proportions of quite constant compounds, and offer no exception to the law we are discussing: but they illustrate what is manifestly quite possible, that constancy in physical character, and constancy in the nature of the constituent ingredients, might coexist with inconstancy in the proportion of the latter. Now Dalton's first law affirms, in contradiction to this possibility, that the proportion of elements in a compound is in every case as constant as their nature; a truth which the title, "Law of *definite* proportion," does not bring out, whilst that of *constant* proportion not only does, but in addition includes all that the former expresses; for a *constant* proportion must of necessity be a *definite* one also.

For these reasons, we press upon the reader the propriety of avoiding the singular and almost unaccountable confusion which exists in many of our best works in the use of the word *definite*, as equivalent to *constant*, and name the law—that of constant proportion.

This law applies to all bodies, organic and inorganic, native and artificial, so that in the light of our earth, with its atmosphere, may be considered as the sum or complement of an almost infinite number of compounds adjusted by weight, and told to the tale; and in a sense as mathematically true as it is poetically sublime, we may understand the declaration of an inspired writer, that God "has weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."

The law of constant proportion was known before Dalton's time, and had been distinctly announced by several chemists in different countries towards the close of last century. We can scarcely doubt that it had been fully apprehended, in many quarters, before it was specially proclaimed. Every chemist who undertook the

analysis of a substance must have blindly or intelligently taken for granted that it would prove *definite* in composition; and most of them, we may readily believe, connected with this a more or less clearly discerned expectation that it would prove *constant* in composition also. This length, certainly, Bergman the Swede, our own Cavendish, Lavoisier, and many others, had reached, in their observations and speculations on the combinations of bodies; but it was made the subject of special demonstration by two German chemists, Wenzel and Richter, and by a French chemist, Proust, who published their respective works between the years 1777 and 1792. The views of the German chemists will come better under our notice when discussing the third law of combining proportion; those of Proust deserve more particular mention here, as they were published in consequence of a discussion carried on between him and the celebrated French chemist, Berthollet, as to the existence of such a law as the one we are considering. Berthollet asserted that the number of compounds which any two elements can form with each other is quite unlimited, and that constancy of physical characters, such as specific gravity, color, taste, &c., is no sign of constancy in chemical composition. Proust affirmed, on the other hand, that the number of compounds formed by two elements, such as iron and oxygen, is always limited, and often very small; and that so long as the physical characters remain unchanged, the chemical composition is equally invariable. The evidence adduced by him was so ample and incontrovertible, that the discussion ended in satisfying every chemist of the truth of his views.

The second law of combining proportion is related to the circumstance, that the same elements, in almost every case, combine in more than one proportion to constitute several compounds. Even the beginner will be prepared for this, if he is aware that the chemist has, in the mean while, reduced all kinds of matter to some fifty-six primary ones, and has the whole world to account for out of these. This law is named that of *Multiple Proportion*, and enforces the remarkable truth, that when one body combines with another in several proportions, the higher ones are multiples of the first or lowest. Oxygen and hydrogen, for example, which in water are united in the ratio of eight of the former to one of the latter, unite to form a second compound, named the peroxide of hydrogen, in which the oxygen is to the hydrogen as 16 to 1; or, the hydrogen remaining the same, there is exactly twice as much oxygen as in water. There are two compounds of hydrogen and carbon remarkable as being the bodies which suggested this law to Dalton. In the one of these, (*olefiant gas*,) there are six parts, by weight, of carbon, to one of hydrogen; in the other, (*marsh gas*, or *fire-damp*,) there are six parts of carbon to two of hydrogen; or, the weight of carbon being the same in both, there is exactly twice as much hydrogen in the first as in the second. One of the most remarkable examples of this law occurs in the compounds of nitrogen and oxygen, which are five in number. The proportion of nitrogen is the same in all, and may be represented by the number 14, while that of the oxygen, which in the lowest, may be expressed by 8, in the second is 16, or twice 8; in the third, 24, or three times 8; in the fourth, 32, or four times 8; and in the fifth, 40, or five times 8; the higher proportions are multiples of the lowest, by

2, 3, 4, and 5, at which last number, in this case, they stop. In every series of compounds we find the same law operating. If a substance can combine with more than eight parts of oxygen, the least next quantity it combines with is 16. It never combines with 8 and 2-3ds, 8 and 4-5ths, 8 and 9-10ths, or any other fraction whatever; but if it overstep the eight, goes right on to the 16 before it is again saturated. It may go past the 16, but in that case it cannot stop at any intermediate number, but must proceed to 24. It need not halt at 24, however, if it can go on to 32; or at 32, if it can combine with 40; and it may pass at once from 8 to 40, or to any other quantity, however large, provided it be a multiple of the original 8. The only unalterable decree is, that whatsoever smallest quantity of one body another can combine with, every higher compound must contain in increasing multiples.

In all the cases referred to, binary compounds have, for the sake of simplicity, been taken for illustration, and they have been such, that one of the elements has remained constant in quantity, while the other has increased in the higher or more complex compounds, by multiples of the quantity found in the lowest or simplest. But cases are quite common where both of the elements of binary compounds, and all those of more complex ones, occur in multiples of their smallest combining quantities. One illustration from a small series of binary compounds may suffice. There are three well-known compounds of iron and oxygen. In the first, we have 27 parts of iron to 8 of oxygen; in the second, 54 of iron to 24 of oxygen, or the proportion of iron is doubled, and that of oxygen tripled; in the third, we have 81 iron to 32 oxygen, or the iron tripled and the oxygen quadrupled.

This law reigns through all nature, and is so manifest, that it scarcely calls for fuller illustration. Those who are quite unfamiliar with chemical speculation, however, may perhaps be able to grasp it more firmly by means of the following comparison:—A compound body is with great propriety likened to a chain, while the separate links of which the latter is made up represent its constituent ingredients. In accordance with this view, let each of the elementary bodies be represented by a link of a different length. To carry out the analogy fully, there should be a difference also in the material, color, shape, and other attributes of the different representative links. For the sake of simplicity, however, we shall exclude the consideration of everything but the difference in length, and shall further suppose it to be such that all the links representing hydrogen are one inch long; those representing oxygen, eight inches long; those representing nitrogen, fourteen inches long, and so on with the links symbolizing the other elementary bodies, according to the differences between the numbers expressing their combining proportions, by weight. If, then, we proceed to construct a chain by attaching these links to each other, the length of the chain will in every case be a multiple of the length of the individual links of which it is constructed. Let us, for example, connect a link of nitrogen fourteen inches long with one of oxygen eight inches long, which will give us a double link twenty-two inches in length. This is the shortest chain we can have made of these links, and will represent the lowest, or simplest compound of nitrogen and oxygen. If we proceed to lengthen it by the

addition of oxygen links, we may add a single additional one, or two at once, or five, or ten, or a thousand; but whatever be the number we add, the length in inches of the part of the chain made up of oxygen links will always be a multiple of the original eight, which expressed the length of a solitary link. No fractional number will ever appear, for the chain is made up of links, none of which can be shortened, so as to be shorter than eight, or lengthened, so as to be longer.

In like manner, we might weave together, in utter darkness, and in the most random way, complicated net-works, consisting of links of different lengths, representing the fifty-six elementary bodies. But when our handiwork was brought to light, and the length of the chain-work contributed by each kind of link measured, it would invariably prove to be a multiple of the length of the primary links, by the interlacement of which the whole had been fashioned.

The law of multiple proportion belongs peculiarly to Dalton. He generalized it from a solitary case, that of the compounds of carbon and hydrogen already referred to, where the law at first sight strikes us less than it does in many other cases, as it appears only in the duplication of the numeral 1, representing hydrogen, which is taken as unity. It was sufficient, however, to suggest it to Dalton, who unhesitatingly predicted its applicability to all kinds of compounds. He had been so far anticipated in this by one chemist, a Mr. Higgins, of Pembroke College, Oxford, afterwards Professor of Chemistry at Dublin. In a work published by that gentleman, in 1789, entitled "A Comparative View of the Phlogistic and Antiphlogistic Theories," he states, according to Dr. Daubeny, that one ultimate particle of sulphur and one of oxygen constitute sulphurous acid, whilst one ultimate particle of sulphur and two of oxygen constitute sulphuric acid; and, moreover, that in the compounds of nitrogen and oxygen the ingredients are to each other in the proportion of 1 to 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, respectively. Mr. Higgins' work excited no attention at the time of its publication, nor for many years after. It was not, indeed, till Dalton's re-discovery and reannouncement of the law, that his views on the subject became generally known. It seems doubtful, indeed, if he was aware of the importance of the law he had discovered, but it should not be denied that he clearly saw and fully announced it as applying to several compounds; nor should it be forgotten, in estimating his merit, that when he published his views, there existed so very small a number of accurate analyses, that it was impossible to test its truth on any but the most limited scale. But after conceding this, we shall be guilty of no injustice to Mr. Higgins, if we say, that had he seen the value and importance of the law as fully as Dalton saw it, he would have done as Dalton did, who spent ten or twelve of the best years of his life in verifying its truth by analyses of as large a series of compounds as he possibly could compass. We shall have occasion again to refer to Higgins in connexion with Dalton; meanwhile we proceed to the consideration of the next law.

The third law of combination is named that of *reciprocal proportion*, and is to the effect, that if two bodies combine in certain proportions with a third, they combine in the very same proportions with each other. Thus 16 parts of sulphur combine with 8 of oxygen, and 27 parts of iron com-

bine with 8 of oxygen; but 16 parts of sulphur is the very quantity that combines with 27 of iron. We may reverse the numbers: 8 of oxygen combines with 27 of iron, and 16 parts of sulphur with 27 of iron; but 8 of oxygen is the very number that combines with 16 of sulphur. Or a third time: 8 oxygen and 27 iron combine respectively with 16 sulphur; but 27 iron is the quantity that combines with 8 oxygen.

This law is not only of the greatest theoretical interest, but of the utmost practical value to the chemist. But for its existence, his labors as an analyst would be endless, and the work of a lifetime would go but a short way in ascertaining the combining proportions of a single substance. As it is, however, if the proportion be ascertained in which one body combines with any one other, that, or a multiple or submultiple of that, is the proportion in which it combines with every other with which it can combine at all. A new metal, for example, *Didymium*, has been discovered by the Swedish chemist, Mosander, the combining proportion of which is still uncertain. To ascertain this, it will not be necessary to discover by actual trial what quantity of it unites with a certain weight of each of the other elementary bodies; it will suffice to know the proportion in which it unites with one of them, oxygen; this, with the qualification already stated, will be the proportion in which it combines with all the rest.

It is in relation to this law more than to the others that the combining weights of bodies are named their *equivalents*; the best title by which they can be distinguished. This term expresses, in a way no other does, that a certain weight of one body is equivalent to, or goes as far as, a certain but different weight of another in the construction of a similar compound. One part by weight of hydrogen, for example, goes as far in combining with eight of oxygen to form an oxide, as 27 of iron, 33 of zinc, 98 of platinum, or 199 of gold. These compounds have all the same value; the weight of oxygen is the same in all, and the 199 parts of gold do not neutralize the 8 of oxygen 199 times more effectually than the one of hydrogen does, but only *as well* and with the production of a similar compound. The same remark applies to the different but equivalent quantities of all the other substances referred to.

This law of reciprocal proportion was discovered by the German chemist, Wenzel, already mentioned, who published his views on the subject in 1777, in a work of great merit, which attracted, however, no attention at the time of its publication. In this he showed, from certain phenomena exhibited by neutral salts when they decompose each other, that the proportions in which bodies combine with each other were both constant and reciprocal. His views were taken up and followed out by his countryman, Richter, who began to publish in 1792, and confirmed the truth of Wenzel's conclusions by observations made on the precipitation of metals from solution, by each other. Richter's greatest merit, however, consisted in an endeavor to ascertain, by a series of most patient analyses of different salts, the exact weight of acid and base required for mutual saturation, and to express this by a number attached to each.

He spent some twelve years of his life in this labor, and published various works on the subject, but his views attracted as little notice as Wenzel's, and it was not till after his death that Berzelius obtained for them the attention they deserved.

All are now agreed, that though his numbers are wrong, and very far wrong too—a remark which applies equally to Dalton's first similar table—his name will ever be honorably connected with the earliest attempt to lay the foundation of quantitative chemistry.

The fourth and last law we have to consider is a very simple one, and will not require much illustration. It may be called the law of *Compound Proportion*, and teaches that the combining proportion of a compound body is the sum of the combining proportions of its components. The combining proportion of water, for example, is found by experiment to be 9, (or a multiple of 9,) hydrogen, as before, being taken as unity; but nine is the sum of 8 parts of oxygen, and 1 of hydrogen, its constituents. The equivalent of carbonic acid appears upon trial to be 22; but carbonic acid is found on analysis to consist of 6 parts of carbon and 16 of oxygen, which exactly make up 22. The combining weight of lime is 28, but lime consists of 20 calcium and 8 oxygen, which are also 28. Lastly, marble has the combining proportion 50, but it is composed of 22 carbonic acid and 28 lime, which are also 50.

This law is of as much interest and practical value as the preceding one, and supplies the chemist with a most important mean of checking the results of empirical analysis in the case of compound bodies. The merit of discovering it belongs entirely to Dalton. It followed so directly and unavoidably from his atomic hypothesis, that its existence was implied in the very enunciation of the latter; and we think we do not err when we say that chemists are so much accustomed to consider this law in the light of that hypothesis, that the possibility of its existence apart from it is altogether forgotten.

Independent, however, it certainly is of any hypothesis, and it could not have been deduced from the other laws we have just been discussing.

Although the atomic hypothesis had never been devised, it might, and certainly would, have been discovered; and though that hypothesis should prove utterly false, it will remain equally valid, resting, as it does, on the ground of direct experimental evidence. We are the more induced to dwell on this, that even so distinguished a person as the Rev. Mr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, has failed to perceive the independence and value of this law of compound proportion; and in the discussion of Dalton's Atomic Theory in the History of the Inductive Sciences, does not so much as once mention or allude to it. The error, whether it arose from ignorance of the law, or from the supposition that it was deducible from the laws of reciprocal and multiple proportion, is almost inexplicable and quite inexcusable.

On these four laws modern chemistry is based. It has been said, indeed, of them, that chemistry before their discovery was only an art, but by their recognition became a science. But this is to say too much: chemistry, as a qualitative science—*i.e.*, as a science treating of the qualities or properties of bodies, existed before their discovery, and might have existed in a state of considerable perfection as such, although they had had no place in nature, or that place had never been discovered. Their peculiar effect is to confer upon chemistry the character of a science of quantity, which till they were brought to light it did not possess; but in so doing they widened and made more accurate its

range as a science of quality. For, to take but one example, we could not with absolute certainty affirm that water consists of hydrogen and oxygen, and of nothing else, unless we were able to show that a given quantity of water, subjected to analysis, yields weights of hydrogen and oxygen, which, taken together, are identical with that of the water analyzed.

These laws, it is important to observe, contain in them nothing hypothetical. They sum up the results of the universal experience of chemists, (so far as experience can be called universal,) of which they are the expressions. With the exception of the law of constant proportion, they were wrought out by Dalton for himself, and by him first fully made known to the world. He did not expound them, however, in the way we have done, but employed in their enunciation the language of the ingenious and beautiful hypothesis which had led him to the discovery of two of them, and supplied a satisfactory explanation of them all. This hypothesis, generally called the atomic theory, we are now to consider.

Dalton began by assuming that matter, although it may in essence be infinitely divisible, is, in fact, only finitely divided, so that it consists of certain ultimate particles or molecules possessed of a definite and unchangeable weight, shape, and size. These particles he named, as others had already done, *atoms*, from the Greek, *Atomos*, (*that which cannot be cut or divided*,) to signify that they were indivisible. The indivisibility attributed to them, however, was not affirmed to be absolute, so that they could not by possibility be reduced in dimensions, and broken up into smaller particles, but was held to exist in relation only to the chemical and other disintegrating forces existing in nature, none of which were supposed able to divide them. According to this view, then, ponderable masses or volumes of the different elementary bodies were supposed to consist of a countless multitude of undivided atoms.

On the shape of these atoms, Dalton offered no opinion, though he thought it probable that they were spherical, and drew them as such in his diagrams. Neither did their size enter as an element into his speculations, and it need not into ours; all, indeed, that we know on the subject or can affirm is, that they are inconceivably small; so small, indeed, that to say how many could stand at the same time on the point of the finest needle would be a problem as difficult for the modern physicist, as it was hard for the schoolmen of the middle ages to decide, how many angels could be accommodated at once on the same airy pinnacle.

Up to this point there was nothing novel in Dalton's views. For centuries an atomic constitution of matter had been held as probable by many, and defended by all the arguments that physics and metaphysics could supply. For the sake of contrasting these earlier views, which were almost purely physical, or referred to the atoms of homogeneous combinations of matter, with those of Dalton, which were chemical, or had reference to the atoms of heterogeneous compounds, we shall quote the exposition of one of the ablest of Dalton's predecessors.

"All things considered," says Newton, "it seems probable that God, in the beginning, formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, movable particles, of such sizes, figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportion to space, as most conduced to the end for which he formed

them; and that these primitive particles, being solids, are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them; even so very hard as never to wear or break to pieces, no ordinary power being able to divide what God made one in the first creation."

Newton, it will be observed, says nothing concerning the weight, either absolute or relative, of his primitive particles. The former was manifestly beyond the reach of human discovery, and nothing was known in his day which could throw any light on the latter.

It is here that Dalton, introducing the question of weight, leaves Newton behind, and takes not a step, but a stride, in advance of all previous speculators on atoms. His early physical inquiries, as we shall afterwards find, had accustomed him to form the clearest and most precise conceptions of matter as made up of atoms, and as soon as he obtained the faintest glimpse of the laws of combining proportion, he connected it with these familiar speculations, so that his atomic hypothesis rose into full perfection before he had completed the analysis of so many as a dozen compounds.

This immediate perfection was given to his hypothesis by the one bold conjecture, that the ultimate atoms of the elementary bodies do not possess the same, but different weights; and that the difference between their weights is identical with that which subsists between the combining proportions of the elements themselves. As oxygen, for example, has a combining proportion eight times greater than that of hydrogen, so the ultimate atom of oxygen is assumed to be eight times heavier than the ultimate atom of hydrogen. As the combining proportion of nitrogen is fourteen times that of hydrogen, so the atom of nitrogen is supposed to be fourteen times heavier than that of hydrogen; and in like manner the relative weights of the atoms of the other elementary bodies are supposed to differ by the same numbers that the relative weights of their combining proportions differ by. Dalton, it will be observed, no more than Newton, pronounces on the absolute weight of his atoms; all, in truth, that he could have said on that point would have been, that they were so inconceivably light, that it would require millions of the heaviest of them to turn the most delicate balance. But he thought, that if it were possible by any means to select single atoms of each of the elementary bodies, and weigh them, one by one, we should find, *first*, that different atoms of the same element possessed all the same weight, so that whatever was the absolute weight of any one would be found to be the weight of each of the others of the same kind; and if one atom of hydrogen weighed the millionth of a millionth of a grain, each of the hydrogen atoms would weigh the millionth of a millionth also; *secondly*, we should find that all the oxygen atoms were 8 times heavier than the hydrogen ones; all the nitrogen, 14 times heavier; all the silver atoms, 108 times; all the gold atoms, 199 times heavier. In short, the proportions in which bodies combine with each other are supposed to depend upon the weights of the atoms which make them up, and to be identical with them. All the numbers, accordingly, which before this hypothesis is considered, represent combining proportions, as soon as it is adopted, come to represent weights of ultimate atoms, or atomic weights.

According to this view, then, when bodies com-

bine together, their ultimate particles do not inter-penetrates, or become fused together, so that the individuality or identity of any is lost. The atoms only come into close proximity, and lie side by side, or above and below each other; and when the compound they form is decomposed, they separate, and reappear with all their original properties. The smallest possible quantity of water is in this way conceived to consist of one atom of hydrogen and one of oxygen, bound together, without loss of the individuality of either, by the unknown and invisible tie which we term chemical affinity.

Such is the atomic hypothesis: how beautifully it explains all the laws of combining proportion will appear on a moment's reflection. A law of *constant* proportion, such as we have learned, must obtain in the combinations of atoms, possessed of the properties Dalton assumed, for their relative weights are unalterable, and there is therefore but one lowest, or smallest, proportion in which they can combine. The weight of an atom of oxygen is 8, and that of an atom of hydrogen, 1. It is impossible, therefore, that their smallest combining proportions, by weight, should be any others than 8 and 1.

A law of *multiple* proportion is equally necessary, for an atom of one element is the smallest quantity that can be added to a compound containing an atom of it already, and whatever was the weight of the first atom will be that of the second also, so that an exact duplication of the first proportion, without any fractional lack or excess, must take place. And if more than one atom be added at a time, it must be atoms, not an atom and a half, or one and a third, or any other fraction or fragment, for this cannot be, seeing that the atom is indivisible.

In the five compounds of nitrogen and oxygen already considered, the first, which contained 14 of the former to 8 of the latter, was to be taken as a compound of a single atom of each. The second must contain 16 oxygen, because the next highest compound must be one of two atoms; the third, 24, because there are three atoms, each weighing 8; the fourth, 32, because the atom is quadrupled; and the fifth, of necessity, 40, for a similar reason.

It is almost unnecessary to continue the application of Dalton's hypothesis to the other two laws, it is so direct and unavoidable. The law of reciprocal proportion is an inevitable result of the constancy in weight of the atom. For if an atom of iron is found to be twenty-seven times heavier than one of hydrogen when weighed along with one of oxygen, and if an atom of sulphur be sixteen times heavier than one of hydrogen when also weighed with one of oxygen, then the atom of iron will continue to weigh 27, and that of sulphur 16, when they are weighed together; for these were the weights of the iron and the sulphur atoms before they combined; they remain so during their combination; and will reappear so whenever they separate. In a word, the weight of an atom is a constant quantity; it cannot be lessened, or increased, or annihilated. Finally, the law of compound proportion is so necessary, that it was anticipated through this hypothesis before it was found in nature. There could not fail to be such a law, in virtue of the constancy in weight, and the indivisibility of the atom. For the aggregation of atoms does not alter their weight, and the atom cannot divide, so that its weight should be

shared among smaller molecules. Had the atom been divisible, it might have been otherwise, and when two or more atoms entered into combination, they might have broken up into lesser particles, among which the original weight was parcelled out. In this way, the compound made up of them might have had the same, or a smaller combining weight than that possessed singly or together by its components. According to the atomic hypothesis, the combining proportion, or atomic weight of water, is *necessarily* 9, because it consists of two atoms weighing respectively 8 and 1. But if these had not been indivisible, they might have broken up in the act of combining, and yielded not one particle weighing 9, but, for example, nine particles, each weighing 1, so that the combining weight of each particle of water should have been no greater than that of the original particles of hydrogen.

Such, then, was the chemical doctrine of atoms, in its first announcement, as related to the laws of proportional combination by weight. Before we consider the steps by which Dalton was led to its announcement, or proceed curiously to dissect and criticise it, let us stop for a moment to give it the deserved tribute of our admiration. It claims this at our hands, on the two-fold ground of its beauty as a method of expressing the order and symmetry of material nature, and its value as a means of apprehending and inculcating great chemical truths. We may afterwards find it unnecessary to concede to Dalton's atoms the attribute of indivisibility, even in the limited extent to which he conferred that property upon them, and see reason to believe that a potential, or virtual, not an actual atom is all that chemistry requires for the solution of her problems: nay, that the potential is better than the actual atom for the explication of many of them. But placing the question of its truth aside for the present, we cannot forbear to mark the grand idea which the Daltonian atomic hypothesis gives us of the law and order which prevail in nature.

In the light of it, there is nowhere any "fortuitous concourse of atoms," as the Roman poet proclaimed of old; no crash or collision, no strife or warfare, when they meet together, as Milton sang, in relation to the embryon atoms of his chaos. According to this view, the courses of the planets around the sun are not more surely ordered than the movements of these invisible spheres round the centres of force which they obey. Arcturus and Orion know not their places better than each tiny gold or hydrogen atom which adds its weight to swell the sum total of the universe. And if poets of old have sung of the music of the spheres which the telescope unfolds to us, poets, we doubt not, will yet be found to sing of the harmony, as true and as wonderful, which attends the movements of those which the finest microscope will never reveal. Nay, we know not that we have to wait for a poet to do so, for one who will never be excelled has declared to us that—

"There's not the smallest orb—  
But in his motion like an angel sings."

We might recur to our simile of the chain-work, and speak of atomic nature as a glorious garment woven out of links of different kinds, which Infinite Wisdom, at the first creation, forged of the shape, and length, and size, which it best fitted each of them to possess.

Or we might liken these atoms to coins stamped in nature's mint, of definite and unchangeable value, with which she pays all the demands the animate and inanimate world make upon her ; but this illustration falls much below the dignity of the theme.

Rather would we have recourse to that old and familiar, but lofty and suitable one, which speaks of this world as a temple ;—a temple built by God to his own glory and for the good of his creatures. And if we did so, we should speak of it, not as of a Cyclopean wall piled out of unwieldy and misshapen blocks, flung, as if by Titanic hands, together ; nor as of a Tower of Babel, where, amidst confusion of tongues, one asked for bricks and another gave him mortar ; but as of a structure such as the Hebrew king built to his God, where “the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready *before it was brought thither*,” and the “great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones,” were each carved and chiselled, to fit its appointed place, before the builder began, “so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building ;” but,

“Out of the earth, a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet  
Built like a temple.”

On the atomic hypothesis, considered merely as a figment or artifice for expressing simply the laws of combining proportion, it is unnecessary to say much, its value in this respect is so apparent. The student, who with difficulty has been struggling to form a clear conception of equivalents, proportions, and the like, which, after all, he apprehends only as shadowy, ponderable masses of equal value, the passage is like that from morning twilight to full day, when he grasps firmly the idea of different atoms like separate spheres, each a perfect whole, possessing a definite and unalterable weight. The movements and relations of the equivalent atoms can thereafter be as readily followed in thought by the chemist in his speculations, as those of suns, or of planets and their satellites by the astronomer, in the calculations which the science of the heavenly bodies demands. Nor is any revelation which chemistry seems destined to undergo, even should it bring about the decomposition of all the so-called elementary bodies, likely to lessen, or even much to alter, the value of the atomic hypothesis, considered as a device for inculcating chemical truths. On this subject, therefore, we say no more, but at once pass to a question of the highest interest.

The first glimpse of his “Atomic Theory” was obtained by Dalton in the course of certain researches into the solubility of the different gases in water, which he published in the Manchester Society's Transactions for the year 1803. In 1804, he “touched upon it in his lectures” in Manchester and at the Royal Institution in London, and, in the same year, he explained it in conversation to Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow, who spent a day or two with him at Manchester. By the latter chemist, and not by Dalton himself, it was first explicitly made known to the world, in the third edition of his “System of Chemistry,” published in 1807, four years after its first partial announcement to the Manchester Society. In the same year, Dalton expounded his views in a course of lectures delivered in Edinburgh and in Glasgow,

the greater part of which, however, was devoted to the exposition of his discoveries in relation to heat ; and in 1808, the substance of these lectures was published in his well-known work, entitled “New System of Chemical Philosophy.” We cannot, therefore, consider the atomic theory as having come fully before the world till the latter year.

Up to the present time, so far as we are aware, no attempt has been made to trace the steps by which Dalton was led to his greatest discovery, although the evolution of these in a systematic way would have strengthened almost incalculably the argument of those who sought to defend his merits against the claims of British and foreign rivals : and the history of their development would have been welcomed by all who took an interest in scientific inquiry.

We shall endeavor, so far as our limits permit, to supply this deficiency ; premising, however, that we have not had access to any private sources of information, but derive our knowledge solely from works which are, or may be, in the hands of all. In nearly every one of the memoirs which have been published concerning Dalton and his discoveries, we are simply told, in the words of Dr. Thomson, that the “atomic theory” first occurred to the former during his investigation of olefiant gas and carburetted hydrogen, which were imperfectly known when he undertook their investigation. A conclusion naturally drawn from this statement is, that the laws of combining proportion were discovered in the course of an analytical inquiry, undertaken expressly for the purpose of ascertaining what they were, and that the atomic hypothesis was devised, after the laws were discovered, as a means of explaining and expounding them. It was not so, however. On the other hand, we shall presently see that it was in the course of a purely physical inquiry into certain of the properties of a single class of bodies, the gases, that Dalton was arrested by a difficulty which obliged him to analyze several of those which are compound, such as the carburetted hydrogens. The result of these inquiries so completely fell in with his previous speculations, that he flung forth his atomic hypothesis as soon as he met with a single case of combination in multiple proportion.

The path along which Dalton travelled was somewhat like the following :—The blind gentleman, Mr. Gough, who exercised so beneficial an influence over his early days, added to his other tastes a love for meteorology. “It was he,” Dalton tells us, “who first set the example of keeping a meteorological journal at Kendal ;” and his pupil appears to have soon acquired a relish for the same study. Doubtless he was influenced likewise by the magnificent scenery around him, of which he has left some eloquent descriptions, and was tempted by the peculiar facilities which the locality of his residence afforded for every kind of meteorological inquiry. At all events, he commenced in 1788 those daily observations which were continued for fifty-five years, and led to the publication, in 1793, of the “Meteorological Essays,” already referred to. It was impossible for Dalton, however, to content himself merely with recording the risings and fallings of the thermometer and barometer, or with counting the number of inches of water in his rain-gauge. Yet to take up meteorology as a science, was to enter on a study which required for its suc-

cessful prosecution a knowledge of almost every one of the other physical sciences; and even their concentrated light, when directed upon it, did not suffice for the solution of more than a small number of the problems which perplexed the student at the time that Dalton entered on his inquiries. The theory of the winds was exceedingly obscure: the connexion between alterations in the temperature of the atmosphere and the fall of rain or dew, or the opposite phenomenon of the spontaneous evaporation of water from the surface of the earth, was completely misunderstood: the nature of the force which elevated the vapor of water into the air, and maintained it and the other gases of the atmosphere in a state of equable diffusion through each other, in spite of great differences in relative density, had not been recognized; and the chemical composition of the air, and many other points of the highest importance, were either greatly misapprehended or utterly unknown. Much assistance towards the elucidation of these difficulties might doubtless have been derived from works published before Dalton commenced his researches. But a single private library could supply but a very small number of these, and no public collection of books appears to have been within his reach while at Kendal. He was, moreover, eminently a self-reliant man, and debarred from books of which it must be acknowledged, even when he could get them, he was no great reader, he set to work to solve, by actual experiment, the problems which his meteorological studies had brought into view. Little could be done towards this whilst he resided among the lakes, but as soon as he reached Manchester, he gave himself assiduously to such employment, and the two great objects of his researches were the laws which regulated the action of heat in changing the forms of bodies, the discovery of which was certain to throw light upon the questions of dew, rain, hail, evaporation, &c., and the physical constitution of vapors and gases, which bore upon almost every question in meteorology. A very brief review of Dalton's earlier contributions to the Manchester Society's Memoirs will show the exact nature of these inquiries, and serve the important incidental purpose of giving the reader some acquaintance with his purely physical researches. Our space will not allow us otherwise to refer to these, but in commenting thus scantily upon them, we would not omit noticing that, as it has often happened in other cases, the greatness of one of Dalton's discoveries has thrown into shade all his others. It is certain that, although he had never unfolded his views on chemical atomics, he would have taken a very high place among men of science; and we encourage the belief that the method we are adopting in expounding his views, will have the effect of linking together in their natural connexion his physical and chemical speculations.

The first paper, read October 31st, 1794, is entitled, "Extraordinary Facts relating to the Vision of Colors," and referred to a remarkable peculiarity in his perception of the tints of bodies which will be considered in another place. The second, read March 1st, 1790, contains "Experiments and Observations to determine whether the quantity of Rain and Dew is equal to the quantity of Water carried off by the Rivers, and raised by Evaporation; with an inquiry into the origin of Springs;" and may be considered a demonstration, in the eighteenth century, of the truth of what the wise king had declared some thousand years before—"All the rivers run into the sea,

yet is the sea not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." The third communication, read April 12th, 1788, entitled, "Experiments and Observations on the power of Fluids to conduct heat," was an ample and satisfactory refutation of Count Rumford's supposition, that fluids were non-conductors of caloric. It does not, however, particularly concern us. In the fourth paper, (June 27th, 1800,) "Experiments and Observations on the Heat and Cold produced by the mechanical condensation and rarefaction of Air," he returns to inquiries connected with meteorology. The next contributions, read October 2d, 16th, and 30th, 1801, but published in one memoir, are his celebrated "Experimental Essays on the Constitution of mixed Gases; On the force of Steam or Vapor from Water and other liquids in different temperatures, both in a Toricellian vacuum and in air; On Evaporation; On the expansion of Gases by Heat." The only section of this elaborate memoir to which we can refer is the first. It affirms the startling and apparently incredible proposition, that, "when two elastic fluids, denoted by *a* and *b*, are mixed together, there is no mutual repulsion amongst their particles—that is, the particles of *a* do not repel those of *b*, as they do one another; consequently, the pressure or whole weight upon any one particle arises solely from those of its own kind." Guided by this remarkable idea, Dalton proceeds to the consideration of mixed gases, and particularly of the atmosphere, and applies his views with great success to the removal of the difficulty attending the consideration of the cause of the constant composition of the air we breathe. To all previous speculators, who denied that the air was a chemical compound, as Dalton did, there remained unanswered the question—How do the constituents of the atmosphere exist in a state of equable diffusion through each other, in spite of the difference in their relative densities? Should not the heavier, oxygen, be found near the surface of the earth; the lighter, nitrogen, in the higher regions? No difference exists in this respect, and Dalton's hypothesis takes away all necessity for there being any. We have referred to this subject with a view to direct the reader's attention to a plate which is placed at the end of the paper, illustrating the constitution of our atmosphere as consisting, according to this hypothesis, of gases self-repulsive, but indifferent to each other. The particles of oxygen are represented by small rhombs or diamonds; those of nitrogen, by dots; those of carbonic acid, by triangles; and those of aqueous vapor, by asterisks. The reader will see the importance of this reference, as showing that, two years before he published his "atomic theory," Dalton had accustomed himself to the most precise views as to the properties of masses or volumes of bodies, resulting entirely from those of their ultimate particles, and pictured these to himself and to others by various significant symbols. There was not, probably, among the men of science of his time one who apprehended more clearly than he did that the properties of any mass, however great, are in every case the sum or the difference, or otherwise the expression, of the properties of the ultimate molecules, particles, or, as he afterwards came to call them, atoms, of which it consists. It is to be observed, however, that the word atom nowhere occurs, but is represented in every case by the equivalent term, "ultimate particle."

We pass over the next paper, which records

"Meteorological Observations made at Manchester, from 1793 to 1801," and take up the succeeding ones, which are closely connected with the essay we have just been discussing.

The first was read November 12th, 1801, and is entitled, "Experimental Inquiry into the proportion of the several Gases or elastic Fluids constituting the Atmosphere." Its title sufficiently explains its object. It was followed, in January 28th, 1803, by an essay "On the tendency of elastic Fluids to diffusion through each other," a remarkable paper, carrying out the observations of the older pneumatic chemists, and especially Priestley, that elastic fluids of different specific gravities, if once diffused through each other, do not separate by long standing, so that the heaviest is found lowest, but remain in a state of uniform and equal diffusion. Dalton showed further that gases intermix with each other independently of agitation, although the one be much heavier than the other: so that carbonic acid, which is twenty-two times heavier than hydrogen, will rise into the latter, and the hydrogen conversely descend into it. The subject was afterwards more fully examined by Professor Graham, of London, in a memoir of the highest interest.

We have nearly completed our abstract. The next paper, read October 21st, 1803, the last, probably, in which, from its title, "On the Absorption of Gases by Water and other Liquids," the reader would look for it, contains the first announcement of Dalton's discovery of the laws of combining proportion, and the germ of the "atomic theory." After stating the laws which he had found to regulate the absorption of gases by water, he proposes a theory in explanation of it, according to which he contends that gases, such as oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, &c., when in aqueous solution, are mechanically mixed with water, not chemically combined with it—a view which has not been adopted by other chemists. "Gases so mixed with water," says he, "retain their elasticity or repulsive power among their own particles, just the same in the water as out of it, the intervening water having no other influence, in this respect, than a mere vacuum!" He goes on to compare his gas dissolved in water to a pile of shot—"a particle of gas pressing on the surface of water is analogous to a single shot pressing upon the summit of a square pile of them;" and on the opposite page he has inserted an engraving of a pyramidal pile of balls left unshaded, with a dark ball surmounting the apex. This is entitled, "View of a square pile of shot, &c. The lower globes are to represent particles of water; the top globe represents a particle of air resting on particles of water." Further on are two other engravings, the one of a "Horizontal view of air in water," the other a "Profile view of air in water," in which dots and crosses are taken to represent particles of air, with spaces of water between them. We have specially referred to these engravings, as affording additional illustrations of the hold which a belief in the atomic constitution of matter had taken of Dalton's mind, and the use which he made of it in discussing purely physical problems, (or, at least, what he considered such,) before he had occasion to apply it to chemical questions at all. At the close of the essay comes the acknowledgment of the difficulty which attends a hypothesis of mechanical absorption. If the mingling of gases with liquids, on which they do not act chemically, be but a

mechanical action, like the mingling of indifferent gases with each other, how happens it that water dissolves its own bulk of one gas, such as carbonic acid, and only three per cent. of its volume of another, such as oxygen. We should expect, if the mechanical view were true, that all gases should be equally soluble in water; for if water act as a vacuum would do, it must act in the same way on every gas. Dalton saw the difficulty, and devised a hypothesis to overcome it. We give his own words:—"Why does water not admit its bulk of every gas alike? This question I have duly considered, and though I am not yet able to satisfy myself completely, I am nearly persuaded that the circumstance depends upon the weight and number of the ultimate particles of the several gases: those whose particles are lightest and single being least absorbable, and the others more, according as they increase in weight and complexity." To this there is a foot-note—"Subsequent experience renders this conjecture less probable." And the text is followed by a passage which we print in italics—"An inquiry into the relative weights of the ultimate particles of bodies is a subject, as far as I know, entirely new; I have been prosecuting this inquiry with remarkable success." On the succeeding page is a "Table of the relative weights of the ultimate particles of gaseous and other bodies." This was the first table of *atomic weights*, and every one of them was wrong, with the exception of hydrogen, which was assumed as unity. We extract four of the numbers:—

Hydrogen	1
Oxygen	5.5
Carburetted hydrogen from stagnant water	6.3
Olefiant gas	5.3

Such, then, were the steps by which Dalton was conducted to the discovery of the laws of combining proportions. He was testing, by experiment, the truth of a hypothesis as to the cause of the specific solubility of gases in water, which proved in the end to be quite untenable; but, like Columbus, who missed an El Dorado, but found an America, he discovered something better. From what Dr. Thomson tells us, he was struck by observing that the quantity of hydrogen in fire-damp is exactly twice that in heavy carburetted hydrogen, the quantity of carbon being the same in both. His constant reference of the properties of masses to those of their smallest molecules led him at once to connect these proportions, in which the carbon and hydrogen occurred, with the relative weights of their ultimate particles. We may suppose him to have reasoned somewhat thus—"Hydrogen and carbon are made up of particles which have different weights, the carbon atoms being all six times heavier than the hydrogen ones; but if hydrogen and carbon have atoms differing in relative weights; oxygen, nitrogen, and every other elementary substance will have atoms differing in relative weight also; and these may be ascertained by finding the relative weights according to which the masses made up of them combine with each other." To Dalton's mind, filled, as it were, already with the conception of everything consisting of atoms, it was only necessary to introduce the additional idea of these atoms differing in relative weight, and all the laws of combining proportion rose at once into view. He was gifted with a bold, self-reliant, far-glancing, generalizing spirit, and the researches he had long been prose-

cuting had doubtless strengthened greatly that faith in the uniformity of nature's laws which we all inherit as an essential part of our mental constitution. We may believe that, without an effort, and almost instinctively, he would infer that if hydrogen followed a law of multiple proportion in its higher combinations with carbon, a similar relation would be found to hold in every case where the same elements united to form more than one compound. The detection of the other laws of combining proportion must have been immediate; but this has been so fully illustrated already, that we need not enter on the subject again. It must never be forgotten that Dalton's atomic views gave him the same advantage in detecting the laws of chemical combination which they afford us in apprehending and expounding them.

In confirmation of the view we have taken of the development of the atomic hypothesis, we would refer to Dalton's contributions to the first six volumes of the "Manchester Memoirs," which, gone through consecutively, will conduct every reader, we believe, to the conclusion we have arrived at. It is confirmed by Dalton's reference to the carburetted hydrogens already considered, and by the way in which Dr. Thomson introduces the earliest published account of the atomic theory, not while discussing chemical affinity or the laws of combination, but quite abruptly under the head of the density of the gases. Dalton himself always connected his later chemical with his earlier physical discoveries. When he published the second edition of his "Meteorological Essays," in 1834, forty-one years after the publication of the first, he said, in reference to the few alterations it contained—"I have been the more anxious to preserve the first edition unchanged, as I apprehend it contains the germs of most of the ideas which I have since expanded more at large in different essays, and which have been considered discoveries of some importance."

We wind up this long discussion with a single remark. Dalton's views of chemical combination, including both the facts and the hypothesis which expressed and explained them, are generally known as his "Atomic Theory." To Dalton himself the evidence in support of the existence of ultimate indivisible particles appears to have seemed so conclusive, that he considered the doctrine of atoms in the light of an induction from the data furnished by observation and experiment; and this without reference to any other than purely physical questions. We cannot, indeed, sufficiently reiterate that he was an atomist before he was a chemist. In his lips, therefore, the name "atomic theory" was consistent, and had a clear meaning. It was John Dalton's atomic theory of chemical combining proportions; his theory of atoms connected with his discoveries in chemistry, so as at once to account for, and to expound them. To those, however, who cannot by any process of generalization establish to their own satisfaction, or to that of others, the actual existence of atoms, (and it includes almost every who one thinks on the subject at all,) and for whom the doctrine of atoms is only a questionable, and, we may say, an indifferent hypothesis, Dalton's view is "an atomic hypothesis of combining proportion." It matters comparatively little, however, whether we say atomic theory or atomic hypothesis, provided we keep perfectly distinct what is matter of assumption concerning atoms, from what is matter of fact concerning laws of combining proportion.

The only chemist who has adopted Dalton's views is Dr. Thomson, who affirms that "unless we adopt the hypothesis with which Dalton set out—namely, that the ultimate particles of bodies are *atoms* incapable of further division, and that chemical combination consists in the union of these atoms with each other—we lose all the new light which the atomic theory throws upon chemistry." Dalton's other contemporaries—Davy, Wollaston, and Berzelius—on the other hand, protested against confounding the question of atoms with that of combining proportions, and declined to employ the word atom. Davy substituted the term *proportion*; Wollaston, that of *equivalent*—the best of all the titles by which the combining weight of a body can be indicated. Notwithstanding this, it is notorious that the word *atom* is universally employed; the phrase *equivalent* comparatively seldom. Some of Dalton's less discriminating admirers have built much upon this, as showing that even the opponents of an atomic view of matter are obliged to use its phraseology. This is true so far as the *word* atom is concerned; but in the language of a chemist of the present day, that term has no other meaning than the phrase *equivalent*; to which it is preferred only, we believe, because it contains half as many syllables, and is more easily pronounced. Liebig has justly observed that the use of the word atom is like that of the term element. The latter does not signify a body that *cannot be*, but only one that *has not been* decomposed: *atom*, not a particle which *cannot be*, but only one which, up to a certain point, *has not been* divided. Hence the chemist has no scruple in applying the term atom to a group of molecules considered as a whole, although he is quite certain that this compound whole may be, and often is, divided. He speaks, for example, of an atom of water, of carbonic acid, of sugar, and the like.

The announcement of the atomic theory to the chemists of Europe was like a lighted torch passed round among lamps, trimmed and filled with oil, and ready to be kindled. Some heard with incredulity, like Davy; others with gladness, like Thomson; none, probably, without astonishment, that the humble teacher of mathematics, had extracted more meaning out of his imperfect and even inaccurate analyses than they, even Berzelius and Wollaston, out of their scrupulously exact ones. It was so, however. In Spain, France, Germany, Sweden, and elsewhere, many were seeking to discover the laws regulating chemical combination, every one of them probably acquainted with a wider range of chemical phenomena, and a better analyst than Dalton; but he beat them all. So true is it, what Thomas Carlyle says, that "the eye sees what it brings the power to see." No great discovery, perhaps, was ever welcomed so heartily and immediately as the announcement in the atomic theory of the laws of combining proportion. The chemists looked over the analyses recorded for other purposes in their laboratory books, and found on every page ample confirmation of Dalton's discoveries. Davy, Thomson, Wollaston, but above all, Berzelius, furnished every day better proofs than Dalton himself could show, that in every essential point his views were as just as they were beautiful and original. The question of Dalton's exact merit was at one time a good deal discussed, and is certain to be made matter of discussion again, as soon as a complete memoir of him is published.

The sketch we have given of the path by which the atomic theory was reached enables us, we think, to set at rest the question of the rival claims of Higgins and others.

In deciding the question of merit in reference to any scientific discovery, three points require in every case to be considered. The first—The question of time—Who earliest made the discovery? The second—The question of desert—Who had the greatest merit in making it? The third—The question of practical effect—Who aroused the world by his discovery, and made it tell upon the progress of science? The last is, if not the only, at least the main point in the popular estimation of the merits of discoverers. It is the peculiar office of a journal such as ours to see that the two former receive at the hands of all equal consideration.

The question of time admits of no dispute. The law of constant proportion had been recognized by Bergmann and Proust, not to mention others, before Dalton's time, nor did he ever claim its discovery. The law of reciprocal proportion was made out completely by Wenzel and Richter, in 1777. The law of multiple proportion was recognized clearly and fully by Higgins, in 1789. The law of compound proportion was discovered by Dalton in 1803. This is the state of matters so far as time is concerned, and leaves no choice in the adjudication of merit in regard to the question of priority of discovery. Justice admits of no degrees. We should be as honest in handling our neighbor's character, as in handling our neighbor's money: as careful to protect the reputation of the forgotten Higgins as to exalt the memory of the immortal Dalton.

So far as intrinsic merit is concerned, we take it for granted that no one will call in question Dalton's honesty, or doubt that when he said "an inquiry into the relative weights of the ultimate particles of bodies, is a subject, so far as I know, entirely new," he faithfully expressed his entire ignorance of what Wenzel, Richter, and Higgins had done before him. It is certain, that, in 1803, the views of these writers were quite unknown in Great Britain, even to those most conversant with the scientific literature of the day, and that Dalton did not become acquainted with the views of Higgins at least, until the year 1810. If this be acknowledged, it follows that Dalton's merit as a discoverer is at least equal to that of his three predecessors taken together, for he found out for himself the laws which they only made out among them, and brought to light another, of which they were ignorant altogether.

The question of practical effect has been considered already. We have seen that it was Dalton who changed the state of chemistry. Dalton! who while his contemporaries were with difficulty building up a fragment of scaffolding here and there at separate corners, with the far distant hope of ultimately raising by their combined efforts the structure of chemistry another story, was in silence preparing to supplant them all; Dalton, who with the aid of a cunning engine of his own devising, uplifted at once the four corners, and planted the stately edifice on a new and stable basement, from which it towered above the bogs and quicksands which had been like utterly to overwhelm it before.

Four reasons may be given why Dalton's views on combining proportion should have attracted more attention than those of his predecessors.

First—Chemistry was riper and readier for the discussion of laws of combination than in the days of Wenzel or Richter, or when Higgins first wrote.

Secondly—Dalton's atomic hypothesis made the apprehension of the laws taught by means of it infinitely more easy than it had been before.

Thirdly—All the laws of combining proportion were taught together, and made to tell with their united force upon the mind.

Fourthly—Dalton's high character as a discoverer, and his wide reputation among men of science before he announced his atomic theory secured for it an immediate attention which was not shown to the works of his less distinguished predecessors.

In ending the discussion of the question of merit, we would express our hope that no inconsiderate admirer of Dalton will rob his predecessors of their scanty, but hard-earned laurels, to add an insignificant leaf or two to his full-crowned head. He would have been the first himself to reject any such borrowed honors.

Here we resume the long dropped thread of biographical detail. Our space will not allow us to prosecute it to any considerable extent. We have deemed it better, however, to discuss at some length those great questions connected with Dalton's discoveries and scientific reputation, which have never been brought before the public, than to occupy the reader with matters, however interesting, connected merely with his personal history, many of which have been published already in various ways.

Between the years 1803 and 1810, Dalton was occupied in the prosecution of analyses to verify his atomic theory; in teaching mathematics; and in delivering lectures in Manchester, London, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Leeds, and Glasgow. He was not a fluent speaker, nor had he any great talent for teaching. He declined, however, all the offers made by his friends to provide him with a competency, so that he might devote his undivided attention to scientific pursuits. To such overtures he replied, "that teaching was a kind of recreation, and that if richer, he would not probably spend more time in investigation than he was accustomed to do."

For many years he had the usual fate of the prophet, and "received no honor in his own country." He had always around him in Manchester, however, a small circle of appreciating friends, who did all they could to extend his fame. In 1814, they had his portrait painted by Allen, and an engraving was made from it, which has long been out of print. In 1817, they conferred on him a further mark of their esteem by electing him president of the Literary and Philosophical Society, of which he had long been the most distinguished member. He was re-elected every year till his death.

When Sir John Ross sailed on his first polar voyage, government and Sir Humphry Davy together thought it a fitting opportunity for doing Dalton a service, and offered him the post of natural philosopher to the expedition. But he declined the appointment, probably thinking that the North Pole would not present many advantages for confirming by experiment his atomic theory; and if they had been very anxious to serve him, they might have found better means, and nearer home, for so doing. He continued, accordingly, at Manchester, teaching, experi-

menting, and writing scientific memoirs; and we find nothing remarkable to record till the year 1822, when he visited France. He carried with him to Paris a single letter of introduction to M. Breguet, a celebrated chronometer-maker, and member of the French Institute. He could not have been introduced in a better quarter. Breguet was well known to the Parisian *savants* as the inventor of a metallic thermometer which bears his name; and being wealthy and fond of the society of men of science, was in the habit of assembling them round his table. He was well acquainted, moreover, with Dalton's researches, especially those upon heat, and at a former period had sent him a present of one of his thermometers. Through Breguet, Dalton was immediately introduced to La Place, and by him to all the more distinguished French philosophers. He was subsequently invited to the meetings of the Institute, where he was most heartily welcomed, and during the whole period of his residence in Paris was treated, both in public and in private, as one whom all delighted to honor.

The generous appreciation of his merits shown by the French, as contrasted with the indifference to these exhibited by all but his personal friends and a few men of science among his countrymen, made a strong impression upon Dalton. Although a man of few words, little given to betray his feelings, and very indifferent to applause, he was so moved by his reception as to say, when he returned home—"If any Englishman has reason to be proud of his reception in France, I am that one."

At length his countrymen became more alive to his merits; and if we have to acknowledge that the Celtic fire of our Gallic neighbors blazed forth into admiration at a time when our colder Saxon natures had scarcely begun to glow, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that when the latter began to warm, they rose steadily to a red, even to a white heat of unbounded admiration. For the last ten years of his life, Dalton was the object of universal esteem among his countrymen.

In 1826, the council of the Royal Society of London unanimously awarded to him the royal gold medal of fifty guineas value, placed at their disposal by George IV. But it is to the British Association for the Advancement of Science that Dalton was indebted for the estimation in which latterly he was held.

He attended its earliest meeting at York, in 1831, where he was seen for the first time by many who had long esteemed him at a distance, and now rejoicing in an opportunity of vying with each other in showing him respect.

At the next meeting of the association, held at Oxford, in the following year, the university conferred upon him the title of Doctor of Civil Law. In 1833, when the association met at Cambridge, the president, Professor Sedgwick, took a public opportunity of expressing his regret that the university could not honor herself, as the sister one had done, by conferring upon Dalton an honorary degree, as these cannot be granted without royal mandamus. At the close of his speech, he announced "that his Majesty King William IV., wishing to manifest his attachment to science and his regard for a character like that of Dr. Dalton, had graciously conferred on him, out of the funds of the civil list, a substantial mark of his royal favor. This "substantial mark" was a pension of

150*l.*, which was raised to 300*l.* in 1836. It is not generally known, but we have the best authority for stating it, that the Rev. Dr. Chalmers was the first to rouse the government to a sense of Dalton's claims. To his purely professional and literary accomplishments, the celebrated Scotch divine adds no inconsiderable acquaintance with most of the physical sciences, and the widest sympathy with the progress of them all. In early life, he is known to have been an indefatigable experimenter, and has even lectured to select audiences on heat and on chemistry. Knowing well what Dalton's merits were, he visited him at Manchester, and was surprised and pained to find him an obscure, ill-remunerated teacher of mathematics. Dr. Chalmers lost no time in expostulating, by letter, with Joseph Hume, on the injustice of suffering such a man as Dalton to go unrewarded. His claims were acknowledged even by that rigid economist, and soon after the first pension was accorded him.

We have already seen that Dalton declined to avail himself of the offers of his friends to provide him with a competency, which should set him free from the necessity of elementary teaching. This was in the days of his robust manhood; and we think he did right. We know no reason why the man of science, so long as he is full of health, should not take his share in bearing the burden "under which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth"—why he should be exempt from the common lot of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. We are sure, moreover, that the joys even of a hard-earned independence will more than compensate, in every case, for the fancied advantages of an undeserved and an inglorious leisure. It is very different when age has overtaken the man who has labored while he had strength, and who has spent his days in extending that knowledge by which all men are gainers. Such a one, even though his studies have been of the most purely speculative and apparently unpractical kind, may fitly be saved from the gripe of poverty "when the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened," by the kindness of his less gifted but more wealthy fellow-men. But the claims of the worn-out man of science are still greater, when he has been the author of discoveries which have enabled his quite unscientific brethren to "reap where they had not sown, and gather where they had not strown." Then it becomes a matter of justice, not of generosity, that he who has been the invisible sower of the seed which has produced, in some cases thirty, in some sixty, and in some an hundred-fold, should receive his tithe of the fruits of the field. The pension which government allowed to Dalton might be regarded as a generous gift to the author of "Experiments and an Hypothesis on the Constitution of mixed Gases." But to him who unfolded the "atomic theory" it was only a moderate, we had almost said a niggard dole. Three hundred pounds a-year! What a small fraction was that of the countless sums which he had saved his country—which he had won for her. The application of the laws of combining proportion to the practical arts enabled the manufacturer of glass, of soap, of pigments, of medicinal substances, of dyes, of oil, of vitriol, and of many other bodies of great commercial value, to secure their production without waste, or loss, or any unnecessary expenditure. Dalton could tell such a man, to a grain, the exact quantity of

each ingredient, which required to be added to produce a given compound. Three hundred pounds a-year! If Joseph Hume could obtain as good an account of every 300*l.* sent out of the treasury, he would be a happy man, and England a happy country.

In the same year, 1833, in which Dalton received his first pension, a number of his friends subscribed the sum of 2000*l.*, and employed Chantrey to execute a full-length statue of him in marble. This beautiful work of art, which gives a fine likeness of Dalton, is erected in the entrance hall of the Royal Manchester Institution.

Dalton went to London to give Chantrey the requisite sittings for his bust, and while there was most cordially welcomed by men of science. Nor was this all. Through the influence of Mr. Babbage, the mathematician, of Lord Brougham, who was then Chancellor, and of some other friends, he was presented to William IV. From the account of a Manchester gentleman, who was well acquainted with the facts, we learn that "with great skill all the minute preparations for his appearance in such august presence were made by his friends, and arrayed in the pompous vestments of a Doctor of Oxford, with the scarlet gown and black cap, the silk stockings, the buckles, and the whole paraphernalia of a learned courtier, our townsman mingled in the crowd of soldiers, sailors, statesmen, and divines, who thronged the splendid apartments of St. James', where he was very graciously received by the king." Whether his London friends acted wisely in introducing such a man to his majesty, not as John Dalton, the great chemist, but as Dr. Dalton, of Oxford, we shall not stop to inquire.

In 1834, Dalton attended the meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, where every sort of kindness and new honors awaited him. The university conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., the Royal Society elected him a member, and the town council presented him with the freedom of the city.

In 1835, he was present at the Dublin meeting of the association; where all parties, from the lord-lieutenant downwards, vied with each other in extending to him the marks of their esteem.

We have now reached the seventieth year of his laborious career, and it will not surprise the reader that the silver cord should be beginning to be loosed, the golden bowl to be broken at the fountain.

In 1837, when in his seventy-first year, he suffered from a severe attack of paralysis, which left his right side powerless, and also deprived him of speech. He experienced a second slight attack on the 21st of the same month, and for some time both his mental and bodily faculties appeared to be much affected. After an illness of some months, however, his health improved, and his mind began to evince something of its former vigor, though his articulation always remained less distinct than before. We are indebted to the Manchester *Guardian* for these particulars, and from the same able journal we take, with a few slight alterations, the following statements relative to the close of the career of John Dalton:—On the 17th of May, 1844, he had a third paralytic stroke, which partially deprived him of the use of his right side, and increased the indistinctness of his utterance. He recovered in some degree from this attack also, and on the 19th of July, 1844, was present at a meeting of the council of the Manches-

ter Literary and Philosophical Society, where he received an engrossed copy in vellum of a resolution of that society, passed at its annual meeting, recording "their admiration of the zeal and perseverance with which he has deduced the mean pressure and temperature of the atmosphere, and the quantity of rain for each month and for the whole year; with the prevailing direction and force of the wind at different seasons in this neighborhood, from a series of more than two hundred thousand observations, from the end of the year 1793 to the beginning of 1844, being a period of half a century." Dalton received the resolution sitting, and being unable to articulate a reply, handed a written one, which he had prepared, to his old and attached friend, Peter Clare, Esq., who read as follows:—"I feel gratified by this testimony of kind regard offered to me by my old associates of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. At my age, and under my infirmities, I can only thank you for this manifestation of sentiments which I heartily reciprocate."

This was the 19th of the month; on the 27th, Dalton was no more!

On Friday, the 26th of July, he retired to his room about a quarter or twenty minutes after nine o'clock; and going to his desk, on which were usually placed the books in which he recorded his meteorological observations, he entered therein the state of the barometer, thermometer, &c., at nine o'clock; and added, in the column for remarks, the words "little rain," denoting that but little had fallen during the day. His servant observed that his hand trembled more than he had ever before seen it, and that he could scarcely hold the pen. Indeed, the book exhibits, in its tremulous characters and blotted figures, striking proofs of the rapid decay of the physical powers. But there was the same care and corrective watchfulness as ever manifested in this his last stroke of the pen; for, having written opposite a previous observation, "little rain this," he now noticed that the sentence was incomplete, and added the word "day," which was the last word that was traced by his tremulous pen. He retired to bed about half-past nine, and spent a restless and uneasy night, but seemed, on the whole, in his usual way when his servant left his bedside at six o'clock next morning.

About half-an-hour later, his housekeeper found him in a state of insensibility, and before medical attendance could be procured, though it was immediately sent for, he expired, "passing away without a struggle or a groan, and imperceptibly, as an infant sinks into sleep."

The news of Dalton's death, although it must have been looked for by many, was heard with sorrow throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. His townsmen, anxious to express their sense of the irreparable loss they had sustained, resolved to give him a public funeral. But this was not enough; and as an additional mark of respect, his body was "laid in state" for a day in the Manchester town-hall, and visited by about forty thousand persons. The funeral itself took place on the 12th of August. "A procession was formed of nearly a hundred carriages, and many hundred persons on foot; the windows were lined with spectators, as well as the roofs of the houses; nearly all the shops and warehouses in the line of the procession, and many in other parts of the town, were closed; four hundred of the police were on duty, each with an emblem of mourning;

and the funeral train was about three quarters of a mile in length." He was buried in the cemetery at Ardwick Green. It has been felt by many that it would have been well if the "lying in state" at least had been omitted. It lessens the pleasure also with which we otherwise read the accounts of Dalton's burial, to know that the mode adopted in this respect to do honor to his memory was a source of pain and offence to the members of that estimable religious body with which the deceased had always retained connexion. Who were to blame, if the thing is to be accounted as blame-worthy, for this ceremonial, we shall not stop to inquire. It is quite certain that the people of Manchester generally were actuated by no other feeling than that of an earnest desire to honor the illustrious dead: and there is something solemn and sublime in the idea of the intelligent thousands of a great city, forgetting for a time the claims of business, attiring themselves in the weeds of woe, and gathering round the bier of a solitary scientific recluse like Dalton. This feeling is heightened by the thought that it was no questionable hero, no noisy demagogue or destroyer of his species, to whom the multitudes were doing homage, but a true high-priest of nature, and a benefactor of his fellow-men.

In stature, Dalton was about the middle size, of strong rather than of elegant proportions. The likeness between his head and face and those of Newton was often observed during his lifetime, and is said to have become more striking after death. When engaged in study, a certain air of severity, such as may be seen on the busts of Newton, shadowed his features; but the gentle smile on his lips showed even the inexperienced physiognomist that it was deep thought, not angry passion, that wrinkled his brow.

Till his seventieth year he enjoyed robust health, and he was all his lifetime fond of exercise in the open air. He made a yearly journey to his native mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and climbed Helvellyn, and often also Skiddaw. The afternoon of every Thursday he spent at a bowling-green, where he could join with some congenial associates in a turn at the old English game of bowls. We have heard a distinguished professor of chemistry tell that he once called for Dalton at his laboratory on a Thursday, and was directed to look for him at the bowling-green. Dalton quietly apologized for being out of his laboratory, adding that he liked to take a Saturday in the middle of the week. He was entitled to do so, as he did not take one at the end, the seventh day being always a day of hard labor with him.

We have already alluded to a peculiarity in Dalton's vision, which he made the subject of the first paper he read to the Manchester Society in 1794. It consisted in this, that whereas most persons see seven colors in the solar spectrum, he saw only two—yellow and blue; or at most three—yellow, blue, and purple. He saw no difference between red and green, so that he thought "the face of a laurel leaf a good match to a stick of red sealing-wax; and the back of the leaf answers to the lighter red of wafers." When Professor Whewell asked him what he would compare his scarlet doctor's gown to, he pointed to the leaves of the trees around them. Dalton found nearly twenty persons possessed of the same peculiarity of vision as himself. The celebrated metaphysician, Dugald Stewart, was one of them, and could not distinguish a crimson fruit like the Siberian crab from

the leaves of the tree on which it grew, otherwise than by the difference in its form.

This failure to perceive certain colors is by no means rare, and has excited a great deal of attention. The continental philosophers have named it *Daltonism*, a name which has been strongly objected to by almost every English writer who has discussed the subject, on the ground of the inexpediency and undesirableness of immortalizing the imperfections or personal peculiarities of celebrated men by titles of this kind. If this system of name-giving were once commenced, it is difficult to see where it would end. The possession of a stammer would be called Demosthenism; that of a crooked spine, Esopism; the lack of an arm, Nelsonism; and so on, till posterity would come to connect the names of our celebrated men, not with their superior gifts, or accomplishments, or achievements, but with the personal defects which distinguish them from their more favored fellows.

Professor Whewell sought to better the matter by naming those circumstanced like Dalton, *Idi-opts*, from two Greek words, signifying peculiarity of vision. But to this name it was justly objected by Sir David Brewster, that the important consonant *p* would be very apt to be omitted in hasty pronunciation, and so the last state of the Idiopt be worse than the first. Others have suggested various terms of Greek derivation, such as *paramchromatism*, none of which, however, are sufficiently distinctive. The name "Color-Blindness," proposed by Sir D. Brewster, seems in every respect unexceptionable.\*

We are more concerned to know that Dalton supposed the peculiarity of his vision to depend upon the vitreous humor, (the liquid which fills up the greater part of the ball of the eye,) being in his case of a blue color, instead of colorless, like water, as it is in the eyes of those who distinguish every tint. His own words are—"It appears, therefore, almost beyond a doubt, that one of the humors of my eyes, and of the eyes of my fellows, is a colored medium, probably some modification of blue. I suppose it must be the vitreous humor; otherwise I apprehend it might be discovered by inspection, which has not been done." †

After Dalton's death, in obedience to his own instructions, his eyes were examined by his medical attendant, Mr. Ransome. The vitreous humor was not found, however, to present any blue tinge, but, on the other hand, was of a pale yellow color: neither did red and green objects looked at, through it, used as a lens, present any difference in tint to an ordinary eye, as they should have done had Dalton's hypothesis proved true. Were his view, indeed, the correct one, blue spectacles should induce the same peculiarity in the eyes of every one, which they are well known not to do. Everything, in truth, points to the cause of the color-blindness, residing not in the optical apparatus of the eye, but in some peculiar condition of the brain or sensorium. So much for the physique of Dalton.

In endeavoring to form a conception of his mental peculiarities, we shall be assisted by comparing him with some of his great fellow-chemists. The laborers to whom chemistry has been indebted for

\* The reader who is curious in regard to this matter, will find a very elaborate article on the subject, entitled "On Daltonism, or Color-Blindness," in the "Scientific Memoirs," an occasional periodical published by Richard Taylor, Red Lion Court, Fleet-street, London.

† Manchester Memoirs for 1793, p. 43.

its greatest advances admit of a natural division into two great classes. The one of these and by far the smaller, contains men possessed of enthusiastic, imaginative, poetical temperaments, of sanguine, hopeful spirits, and great rapidity, subtlety and comprehensiveness of mind. Such preëminently was Davy ; such is the great living chemist Liebig ; and if we accept a very subtle fancy instead of a far-stretching imagination, such too was Priestley.

The other and larger class consists of men in whom the poetical element was at a minimum, who were characterized by great patience, self-concentration, and perseverance in thinking ; for whom the working motto was, " *Non vi sed saep cadendo* ;" and in whom great self-possession and self-reliance were strongly developed, producing indifference to the opinion of others, and, in extreme cases, an almost repulsive hardness, sternness, and severity of character.

To this class belong Black, Cavendish, Wollaston, Bergmann, Scheele, Lavoisier, Dalton, and, if we include the living, and confine ourselves to our own country, Faraday, Graham, and Thomson. Thinkers of both these classes have done, and will yet do, excellent service to chemistry. We sum up their peculiarities in a word, if we say, with the late Dr. Henry, that the great object of the first class is to discover truth ; of the second, to avoid error.

Dalton possessed, in an eminent degree, the characteristics of the class to which he belonged. He was so indifferent to the opinion of others, that he could never be persuaded to reply to the attempts which at one time were made to exalt Higgins above him ; so self-reliant that, in the face of overwhelming evidence, he refused for a long time to put faith in Gaylussac's discoveries concerning combination by volume, because they contradicted a hypothesis of his own. To the end of his days he persisted in calling the atomic weight of oxygen 7, though all other chemists were unanimous in making it 8.

Like Newton, he referred the discoveries he had made, not to the power of genius, but to the industry which he had brought to bear upon their elucidation. At the anniversary meeting of the Pine-street Medical School, Manchester, he thus replied to a toast embodying his name :—" With regard to myself, I shall only say, seeing so many gentlemen present who are pursuing their studies, that if I have succeeded better than many who surround me, in the different walks of life, it has been chiefly, nay, I may say almost solely, from unwearyed assiduity. It is not so much from any superior genius that one man possesses over another, but more from attention to study and perseverance in the objects before them, that some men rise to greater eminence than others. This it is, in my opinion, that makes one man succeed better than another. That is all I shall say concerning myself." In all this there was no affectation. One who knew Dalton well, said of him during his life, " If led into a discussion on any branch of science or philosophy with which his name is connected, he never hesitates to explain where his own discoveries begin and end, and what portion of the ground has been trodden by others." Neither did he hesitate to entitle his volumes on heat and atomics, " *New System of Chemical Philosophy*."

He was very methodical and orderly in his habits. We have seen that the Thursday after-

noon was spent in the bowling-green. He was equally regular in attending the meetings of the Society of Friends, at which he was present twice every Sunday. On the same day, he was in the habit, for more than forty years, of dining at a friend's house ; and even when the family were absent, he paid his accustomed visit.

His love for truth was very great, of which one striking example may be given. A student, who had missed one lecture of a course, applied to him for a certificate of full attendance. Dalton, at first, declined to give it ; but, after thinking a little, replied—" If thou wilt come to-morrow, I will go over the lecture thou hast missed."

Such was Dalton ; a simple, frugal, strictly honest, and truthful man. For the independence, gravity and reserve of his character, he was, doubtless, much indebted to his birth as a Cumberland yeoman, and his long connexion with the Society of Friends. The individuality of his nature showed itself in his great mathematical capacity, his thorough self-reliance and power of patient, persevering work, the native clearness of his intellectual perception, and the extraordinary power of fearless generalization which he brought to bear upon what nature unfolded to him. In the latter quality, in particular, he excelled every one of his scientific contemporaries.

The inhabitants of Manchester have announced their intention of erecting a monument to Dalton's memory. We trust that the proposition of founding a chair of chemistry, especially for the exposition of chemical atomics, will take the precedence of every other, as the best means of carrying out that intention. Every one, we think, must feel that bronze statues, or other costly erections, would be altogether out of keeping with the character of the plain Quaker man of science. A " Dalton" chair of chemistry, on the other hand, would be a fitting memorial, and in conformity with the wishes of him whom it is intended to honor. Dalton, it is well known, left the sum of 2000*l.* to endow such a chair at Oxford, but revoked it before his death, with the view, it is believed, of giving the money to friends, who had assisted him in his early days.

We would hint, moreover, that even the enduring brass and the everlasting granite crumble down under the tooth of Time, and are, at best, but dumb remembrancers of him whom they seek to save from oblivion. The living voice of the professor from his chair, would keep in perpetual remembrance the name of Dalton, as the paid and appointed chantings and masses of the Roman-catholic priest recall, if but for a moment, the memory of the long-forgotten dead.

We offer these suggestions, with all deference, to those who seek, by some befitting token, to keep before us the memory of Dalton, because we should grieve to think that a great sum of money had been spent for this purpose in vain. So far as he himself is concerned, we have no fear. Dalton will never be forgotten. He is the second Newton of English physics, and will go down to posterity along with the first. Men will think of them together, and compare them to the double stars which a later astronomer has unfolded to our view —each a sun, shedding light on the other ; both stars of the first magnitude, revolving round, and pointing towards a great centre, which they equally make manifest and obey : even Him who is the first and the last, the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of all things.

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE FESTIVAL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

## A SCENE IN NAVARRE.

It was a fine afternoon in the spring of 1834; the birds were cheerfully singing on the trees, the flocks and herds contentedly cropping the young herbage, and the air was perfumed with odors. Not only did the face of nature brightly smile, but some festive ceremony was evidently about to be performed in the village of —, in Navarre. Numbers of young girls were seated at the cottage doors, weaving garlands of spring flowers, whilst several youths looked on and encouraged them. Here and there an old man, wrapped in a rusty-brown cloak almost as ancient as himself, stood observing the juvenile groups; and on the threshold of a miserable hovel sat an aged woman singing a wild air, accompanied by uncouth gestures; but whether they betokened joy, grief, or anger, it would have been difficult for a stranger to determine.

At length the damsels rose, each bearing in her hand the blooming wreath she had entwined, and the whole party proceeded to a small *plaza*, or square, in front of the church, where, waving their chaplets gracefully, they danced to the sound of a large tamborine and the mountain-pipe, called the *gaita*, the tones of which strongly resemble those of the bag-pipes. Nor was the human voice wanting: the harsh and discordant chant of the bel dame was again heard; and by her side a lean rickety boy, of about fourteen, with wiry flaxen hair, imbecile look, and unmeaning grin, beat time by clapping his hands. The dancers became more and more animated every moment; the fine hair of the young women, which had hitherto been plaited and arranged with natural good taste, was, by some sudden process, allowed to fall loosely on their shoulders; and at the same moment each maiden placed a chaplet on her head, the young men slinging larger garlands across their breasts, like the broad ribbons of chivalric orders.

At the conclusion of the dance, the great gates of the church were thrown open; at the eastern end the altar, resplendent from the effect of numerous large wax candles, had an imposing appearance. The cura, or priest, habited in richly-embroidered vestments, stood under the portico, and spreading forth his hands, bestowed a blessing on the people, who knelt reverentially to receive it.

While this act of devotion was in progress, a loud creaking sound was heard, and presently a small body of men appeared advancing along the road which runs close by the square. Their heads were covered with the flat cap called *La Boina*; they wore coarse brown cloth jackets, and loose white linen trousers, their waists being encircled with broad red woollen sashes, below which, and in front, were strapped their cananas, or cartridge-pouches: instead of shoes they had alpargatas, or hempen sandals: they were armed with muskets; and bayonets without scabbards were stuck in their belts. This vanguard was followed by four wains, each drawn by two oxen, guided by a peasant bearing a long staff, with a goad at one end. The oxen moved very slowly, the creaking sound being produced by the evolutions of the heavy wooden axle-trees of the wains, which were followed by a much larger party, clothed and armed in the same manner as that in advance, the

whole being commanded by an officer in uniform. Three of the bullock-cars contained each a new bronze mortar of moderate size; the fourth was laden with ammunition-boxes. On their arrival in the plaza, the escort uncovered their heads, knelt, and received the priest's benediction. The assemblage then rose; the tamborine and mountain-pipe struck up; the old woman resumed her discordant song; the half-witted urchin clapped his lean hands more vehemently than ever; the young men and maidens moved towards the wains with a solemn dancing step; and, finally, the girls decorated the horns and necks of the oxen with the wreaths they had been gracefully waving during the dance; whilst the youths encircled the mortars with the larger garlands; the whole ceremony being performed with the utmost enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, the priest had retired to the interior of the church; but when all the arrangements were completed—the oxen adorned with their glowing honors, standing patiently in the sun, and the murderous bronze artillery decked with sweet and peaceful flowers—he again came forth, preceded by a youthful acolyte carrying a large silver cross, elevated on a staff apparently of the same metal. By his side was another boy wearing a scarlet cassock, over which was a white muslin tunic; he bore a silver censer, which, when this little procession had reached the wains, he threw up into the air, and then drew it back again by its silver chain, making the white smoke of the incense cloud over the mortars, and around the heads of the oxen, after which the priest sprinkled them with holy water. The instant this ceremony was completed, there was a general shouting of “*Viva Carlos Quinto! Viva la Religion! Success to the new mortars! Death to the Christinos!*” Amidst these fervent cheers the bullock-cars moved on, escorted as before; the young men accompanying them as a guard of honor a little way beyond the limits of the village. On parting, the soldiers cried—“*To Elizondo! to Elizondo!*” and soon entering a mountain gorge, they disappeared.

The day after this scene there was considerable agitation in the village. Several fathers of families, who had been absent acting as scouts, attached to Don Carlos' army, or otherwise connected with it, returned. They brought accounts of the retreat of the Carlist chief, Zumalacarreguy, from before Elizondo; and it was whispered that the mortars which had passed through on the previous day, and had been welcomed with so much pomp, were on their way back. The confusion occasioned by these reports was at its height when a stranger, covered with dust, rushed into the plaza, with breathless haste. He was a fine well-made man of about thirty; his features, though handsome, bore a strong stamp of cunning; and the expression of his large gray eyes, set in a face the color of which was only a shade removed from black, was so peculiar, as to render it painful to meet their gaze. The stranger's costume was unlike that of the Navarrese peasants. He wore a jacket of dark blue velveteen, open, displaying a waistcoat of the same material, adorned with three rows of large open-worked silver buttons, hanging loosely; his breeches were of coarse dark cloth, with silver buttons down the outer seams; he also wore a blue worsted sash, and hempen sandals. Round his head was a cotton handkerchief of bright and variegated colors, tied behind, with two long ends hanging down; above

the handkerchief appeared a cone-shaped black beaver hat, with a narrow brim turned up all round; the front of the hat was ornamented with three tarnished tinsel stars—green, ruby, and yellow—stuck on a strip of rusty black velvet. His thick neck was bare, and from constant exposure to the sun and weather, as dark as his face. He was a *gitano*, or gipsy.

"I am sent by Zumalacarreguy," said this man, "to tell you that the mortars are on their way back, and that they must be concealed in this neighborhood; all, therefore, must unite in conveying them to a place of safety. The general's orders are, that every man proceed instantly to meet them; they must not re-enter the village; your privileges, your lives even, depend on promptitude and energy; the *holy* guns must be placed in security."

This appeal met with a ready echo in the breast of every hearer; for the whole population of the village had identified themselves with the fate of the consecrated artillery. All the men immediately sallied forth with Zumalacarreguy's messenger. They had not proceeded far along the road, before the well-known creaking of the bullock-cars indicated that the objects they had set forth to meet were approaching; they soon appeared, bereft, however, of their gay adornments.

The gitano immediately addressed himself to the officer in command of the escort: and after a brief parley, three of the village elders were summoned to join in the consultation. Much animated discourse ensued, accompanied by that lively gesticulation by which the Spaniards are characterized. The result was, that the wains were drawn along a by-road to a field, under the guidance of the villagers, the gipsy and the escort following. On arriving at the centre of the field, the oxen were taken out of the wains, which, being tilted up, the mortars glided easily to the ground. The peasants had brought with them the large hoes used by the husbandmen of Navarre, and having dug trenches of about three feet deep, the mortars, which only the day before were adorned with garlands, and sent with shouts and vivas to be employed against the Christinos, were now buried in the earth in solemn silence.

The oxen were again yoked to the wains, and led to the high road, whence they departed in an opposite direction: the escort took the shortest route to the mountains, and the villagers hastened to regain their homes. The gipsy proceeded to the residence of the cura, with whom he was closeted for some time: he then went to the small *venta*, or village inn. After his departure, the *alcalde* was summoned to attend the cura: they held a long conference, at the conclusion whereof the *alcalde* visited every house, and made a communication of solemn import to its inmates.

Towards evening several little groups were assembled in the plaza, and before the house doors. They conversed energetically, and, on separating at nightfall, their countenances and manner indicated that a definitive and decided resolution had been universally adopted upon some highly interesting and important matter.

The following morning, just as the mists were clearing away from the summits of the neighboring mountains, General Mina entered the village, having marched during the greater part of the night. He had previously caused the place to be surrounded by his troops, in order to prevent the escape of any of the inhabitants. Attended by

his staff, he rode to the plaza, whither the whole population were summoned by the crazy drum and drawling voice of the *prégonero*, or public crier.

The people who only two days before had hastened to the same spot with dancing step and exulting eye, cheered by the tambourine and mountain pipe, now crept one by one out of their dwellings with fearfully-anxious looks, and wended their unwilling way towards the plaza.

Mina eyed them sharply as they emerged from the narrow avenues; but his weather-beaten face did not betray any inward emotion. By his side stood the cura, dressed in a rusty-black cassock, holding between both hands his oblong shovel-hat, and pressing its sides within the smallest possible compass. His countenance was ghastly, and his small jet-black eyes peered from beneath their half-closed lids, first at the villagers as they glided into the plaza, and then askance at the general, who had already questioned him closely with regard to the mortars, which he had been assured the villagers had voluntarily assisted in attempting to convey to Elizondo—then in possession of the queen's forces, and fortified—for the purpose of bombarding it. He had also heard of the ceremony of decorating and rejoicing over the mortars, and of their subsequent concealment, with the connivance and aid of the cura's parishioners.

The priest, however, pretended to be totally ignorant of the matter. "Senor General," he said, "the cura of —— will never sanction rebellion against his rightful sovereign."

As soon as these words had escaped his lips, a loud clapping of hands was heard immediately behind him. Upon turning round, the cura perceived the idiot lad, who laughed in his face, and trailed his half-dislocated legs along, in grotesque imitation of dancing. The cura looked affrighted; the muscles of his visage became suddenly contracted; and his eyes flashed fire upon the urchin whose noisy movements seemed to strike terror into his soul.

The plaza was now crowded with men, women, and children; shortly afterwards an *aid-de-camp* appeared, followed by an officer's guard. The former approached the general, and reported that, in pursuance of his orders, every house had been searched, and that, to the best of his knowledge, all the male inhabitants who remained in the village were now present.

"Let them be separated from the women and children," said the general.

This order was promptly executed, the men being drawn up in a line before Mina. It was a strange, an anxious scene: the elderly men stood, like ancient Romans, with their cloaks thrown about them in every variety of picturesque drapery; some of their younger companions were dressed in brown woollen jackets, their snow-white shirt collars falling on their shoulders; others in short blue smock-frocks, confined round the waist by broad girdles of bright mixed colors. All wore the picturesque *boina*, but of varied hues—blue, white, or red.

The women and children formed a gloomy background to this singular picture: they were far more numerous than the men, one or more of every family having joined the Carlist party. The young girls, who only forty-eight hours before had been weaving chaplets with so much glee and energy, now stood motionless, some looking fixedly in Mina, others, their hands clasped, and their beautiful eyes raised towards heaven, appeared

absorbed in prayer. The old woman, crouched on the ground, plied her knitting-needles with great diligence; her lips moved rapidly, but no sound escaped from them; and she had so placed herself as to be able to peer through the slight separation between two of the men who stood before her.

Mina now advanced a few paces in front of his staff-officers, and thus addressed the villagers:—

“I know that, two days ago, three mortars passed through your village on their way to Elizondo, and that, yesterday, they were brought back. I also know that they have been concealed in this vicinity with the knowledge of the inhabitants: where are they?”

Not a syllable was uttered in reply.

“Where are the guns?” cried Mina, with a loud voice and irritated manner—“the mortars you decorated with garlands, because you supposed they were shortly to be used against the queen’s forces?”

The people continued silent.

Whilst this was going on—the eyes of the staff-officers and the troops being all fixed on the general and the villagers—the cura had managed to glide into a narrow alley by the side of the church, (at the back of which, by a strange oversight, no sentinel had been placed,) then darting down a lane, he crossed a rivulet at the end, and plunged into a dell covered with brushwood; thence, through paths well known to him, he bent his course towards a small town about a league off, where he knew there was a Carlist garrison.

Mina, finding he could not make any impression on the determined people before him, turned sharply round with the intention of commanding the cura to use his influence to induce them to give him the information he required; not seeing him, he said, “Where is the cura? Search the church!—search his house!”

In the former there was not a living being; and at the latter only the ama, or housekeeper, a good-looking young woman, who declared that she had not seen his reverence since he was summoned to the general’s presence early in the morning.

This being reported to Mina, he shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded once more to harangue the multitude:—“Well,” he said, “you appear resolved to refuse giving me the information I ask for: now, listen to the voice of Mina, who never promises nor threatens in vain. If, in one quarter of an hour by this watch, (drawing it from his pocket,) the place where the Carlist mortars are hidden be not divulged, I will decimate the men now before me. Every tenth man shall be instantly shot: decide for yourselves.”

It was a fearful quarter of an hour. Each man was joined by a female—a mother, wife, sister, or one to whom his heart was devoted: the only individual unnoticed by any of the women was the gipsy. He was a stranger in the village, and belonged to a race for which there was no sympathy on the part of the Navarrese, although its members were at that early period of the civil war employed on important missions by the Carlist chieftains. He stood alone with his arms folded, and was apparently in a state of abstraction.

The drum was beat—the quarter of an hour had elapsed: the soldiers again began to separate the men from the women. In the confusion, the idiot boy crept up to the gipsy, and roused him from his reverie by saying in a half-whisper, “Ho,

Senor Gitano! stand last on the line, and you are safe.”

The stranger looked intently for an instant at the lad, who rubbed the palms of his hands together, and glanced confidently towards the extremity of the line of men now almost formed. The gipsy contrived to place himself the last.

Silence having been commanded and obtained, Mina said, “This is the last moment—confession or decimation.” No answer, no sign.

“Sergeant, do your duty,” said the general.

Immediately a non-commissioned officer began counting along the line. On arriving at the tenth man, he was made to stand forth. The sergeant then went on reckoning in like manner. Four more were thus selected. The sergeant recommenced counting. There were but nine left, the gipsy being the ninth. The rank was closed up again, and the five men were left standing about a yard in front of the others. An officer and eight soldiers now marched into the centre of the plaza; and the villager, who had the unenviable precedence in this mournful selection, was led to the general, who thus addressed him: “Reveal the hiding-place, and you are safe. I should rejoice if your life could be spared.”

“Senor,” replied the prisoner, a fine young man, “I know it not.”

Mina rode to the front of the line of villagers and said, “Will any of you confess, and save this youth?”

“The mortars did not pass through the village on their return,” cried the men.

Mina then rode to the rear, and questioned the women.

“General, general,” they all shrieked together, “we know nothing of the mortars. Spare him, spare him; be merciful, for the love of God!”

This reply—this appeal for mercy—had scarcely been sent forth, ere a young and beautiful woman rushed from the group, and falling on her knees before Mina, exclaimed in imploring accents, “Spare, oh spare my brother! He was all yesterday in the mountains cutting wood, and did not return till after nightfall.”

“There is no remedy,” replied Mina, “unless the secret be disclosed.”

Five minutes after Mina’s return to the spot where his staff were assembled, the young man was led to the wall of a house fronting the plaza, his arms were pinioned, and a handkerchief was tied over his face. He was then shot dead by four soldiers, who all fired at one and the same instant. Three more shared a similar fate, after every endeavor to induce them or the other villagers to give information concerning the mortars. They all met their fate with heroic calmness and dignity. The fifth was an old man. His anxious eyes had followed each of his fellow-captives to the death-station. His own turn was now at hand. There lay the bleeding corpses of his young companions, and he was interrogated as they had been previously to their execution. “I call God to witness,” cried the aged man, “that I know nothing of the matter. I confess to having been present when the mortars passed through on their way to Elizondo, but I was not here when they were brought back.”

“Tis true, ‘tis true,” shouted the people, forgetting in the fearful excitement of the moment, that they were condemning themselves by this declaration.

"Then save his life by confessing," answered Mina.

"We have nought to confess; Francisco is innocent," was the universal reply, to which succeeded a sepulchral silence.

As the old man was being conducted towards the wall where lay the four dead bodies, he passed close to Mina's horse; and at the moment when his arms were about to be tied behind him by two soldiers, he broke from them, and casting himself on his knees, clasped the general's thigh with both his shrivelled hands, crying, "For the love of the Holy Virgin, spare me, spare me! Oh! by the affection you bore your own father, save the life of an aged parent! I never saw the mortars after they left the village the first day."

Mina moved not; his face appeared as though it had been chiselled out of a block of brown stone. The two soldiers in vain endeavored to loosen the old man's hands from Mina's thigh; he clung to, and grasped it with all the strength of desperation. At length, however, by dint of repeated efforts, he was removed, and having been taken in a state of exhaustion to the fatal wall, he speedily fell, pierced by the deadly bullets.

After this awful execution, Mina said, in a loud voice, "Now let the last man in the line be brought forward."

Mina had observed, immediately after the old villager had been shot, that an interchange of glances full of meaning took place between the gipsy and the half-witted boy; and surmised, all at once, that the stranger might be influenced by the fear of death to divulge the secret.

On hearing the order for his being brought forward, the gitano's swarthy complexion assumed a deep yellow tinge, and he trembled from head to foot. "You have but five minutes to live unless the mortars be found," said Mina, addressing the gitano.

The moral construction of the gipsy was of a very different nature to that of the peasantry of the northern provinces of Spain, although he had been a zealous hired agent of the Carlist junta in stirring up the people to the pitch of enthusiasm to which the Navarrese had been wrought at that period, under the idea that all their rights, privileges, and religious observances were at stake, and could only be secured by the annihilation of the Christinos. He had expected to escape by means of the position in which he had contrived to place himself on the line of villagers, and had therefore remained silent during the previous interrogations; but now, finding that the very manœuvres he had put in practice to save his life had, on the contrary, brought him to the verge of destruction, he lost all command over himself. In tremulous accents he begged permission to speak privately to the general. He was led, tottering from fright, to the side of his horse. Mina was obliged to stoop to listen to his almost inaudible whisper, rendered doubly indistinct by the chattering of his teeth. "Senor Mina, my general," he muttered, "If I divulge the secret, will you take me with you? Will you protect me from the vengeance of these villagers?"

"I will," answered Mina.

"Then—send a party of soldiers, with some pioneers, down the lane to the left of the church, and when they arrive at a spot where there are three evergreen oaks, let them turn into a field to the right; in the centre of it they will see a heap

of manure; let that be removed; then let them dig about three feet deep, and they will find the mortars."

Mina instantly gave orders to the above effect; and during the absence of the party—about half an hour—a solemn silence reigned in the plaza. The gitano stood close to Mina's horse with downcast eyes, though occasionally he glanced furtively at the villagers, who all regarded him with menacing gravity.

At length a sergeant arrived from the exploring party, and informed Mina that the mortars had been found. "Your life is spared," said the general to the trembling gipsy, "and your person shall be respected—you march with us."

It took the greater part of the day to get the mortars exhumed and placed in bullock-carts pressed from the inhabitants, who were also compelled to dig up the guns and hoist them into the wains, the owners of which were forced to guide the oxen, under a strong guard.

\* \* \* \* \*

The foregoing narrative, the leading features of which are traced from facts, displays the indomitable spirit of the Navarrese peasantry. Heart-rending it is to reflect upon the frightful evils of civil war, which none can fully conceive but those who have been eye-witnesses of them.

#### THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN KEEBLE.\*

TYPE of the farther West! be thou too warned,  
Whose eagle wings thine own green world o'er-  
spread,  
Touching two oceans; wherefore hast thou scorned  
Thy father's God, O proud and full of bread?  
Why lies the cross unhonored on thy ground,  
While in mid-air thy stars and arrows flaunt?  
That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,  
Except, disrobed of thy vain earthly vaunt,  
Thou bring it to the blessed, where saints and  
angels haunt?

The holy seed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,  
Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods;  
But many a rank weed round it grows apace,  
And Mammon builds beside thy mighty floods,  
O'ertopping Nature, braving Nature's God;  
Oh, while thou yet hast room, fair, fruitful land,  
Ere war and want have stained thy virgin sod,  
Mark thee a place on high, a glorious stand,  
Whence Truth her sign may make o'er forests,  
lake and strand.

Eastward, this hour, perchance thou turns't thine  
ear,  
Listening if haply with the surging sea,  
Blend sounds of ruin from a land once dear  
To Heaven. O trying hour for thee!  
Tyre mock'd when Salem fell! Where now is  
Tyre?

Heaven was against her. Nations, thick as waves,  
Burst o'er her walls, to ocean doomed and fire;  
And now her tideless water idly laves  
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crowned  
merchants' graves.

\* Author of "The Christian Year."

From the Edinburgh Tales.

YOUNG MRS. ROBERTS' THREE CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

CHAPTER I.

THOUGH an old bachelor myself, I have always had a fancy for visiting new-married people. I cannot, however, pretend that I have been able to approve of above half the unions my young friends are pleased to form. Yet I am so little of a Malthusian philosopher as never to have been able to comprehend how Jerry Jenkins is to be dissuaded from intermarrying with his beloved Jenny Jones, because their remote posterity may chance to add an inconvenient fraction to the living thirty millions of the British Isles, and probably become a burden, at some time or other, on the parishes of *De-la-mere-cum-Diss*. But whether I approved the marriage or not, where I liked the parties, and the deed was done, I have always found it pleasant to visit them, as soon as the first blush of the affair was over, and the sober household-moon rising over, whether that of pure honey, or of treacle and butter. I like to look upon the first home, however humble, in which the young bride has shrined so many fond hopes; and to witness the effects of the heart-taught taste which has adorned her bower in the brick-and-mortar wilderness. Then there are to be seen the little tokens of the affection and good-will of distant friends, which surround her like tributes and trophies. There is, too, the indescribable flutter of a vanity, now first divided between her own pretty person, decked in its bridal garniture, and her pretty sofas and window curtains; both repressed by the matronly dignity of a woman to whom belongs, of sole right, a certain number of silver spoons, and china cups and saucers, and the whole consolidated by the awful responsibility of her who bears three small *keys of office* upon a steel or silver ring, and has a six inch account book, "to chronicle small beer," locked in a new rosewood eighteen-inch writing desk—and who, you see by her face, nobly resolves to do her *duty*, as becomes a married woman, who has the responsibility of laying out money, and of keeping house for herself and another, who may never yet have taken her capacity for domestic management into much account. There may be, nay, there are, many giddy-headed, shallow-hearted creatures, who feel all the vanity, with none of the tremendous responsibility of this condition. My business, at present, is not with them.

It was my good fortune, in 1829, to pay my devoirs to three newly married women, on one frosty October morning; one of them in humble life, the two others in what is called the middle rank of society. Of these marriages I had heartily approved one—that of my friend Joseph Green; while I was doubtful of Mr. George Roberts' matrimony, and had openly disapproved, and, so far as my advice went, opposed the wedding of Sally Owen. This Welsh girl was educated in a public charity; and, from ten years old to eighteen, lived, first as an apprentice, and then a voluntary servant, under the same roof with myself, enjoying in her early discipline the vigilant superintendence of notable Nurse Wilks. From our abode she went into a better, that is to say, a more lucrative service; but our house she considered her home—her rendezvous on her *Sunday-out*, and in all seasons of trial and difficulty. While with

us, Sally was chiefly noticeable as a well-tempered, industrious girl, who cheerily scrubbed and dusted all day, and sang like a lark, "*Far beyond the Mountains*," and other Welsh airs. In her new service she became more prudent and less girlish, which increased my concern when she came formally to announce her marriage. No folly that girls like her can possibly commit in the way of matrimony, will ever excite my surprise. Her intended husband was a boot-closer. He could make his couple of guineas a-week, if he liked to *keep steady*; and needed never be out of employment, if he chose to work. *Ifs and buts* spoil many a good charter; and it proved so with Sally Owen, who wept all night over my warnings and Nurse Wilks' scolding prophecies, and married in the morning in very tolerable spirits.

This was all past by two months or more, and I visited her tidy single room, not to hear more of her husband's faults, but much better pleased to listen to her shy praise of his kindness and *steadiness*; and that in one week he had earned fifty shillings!—and placed it in her hand. I hoped she would take care of it, and so, with good wishes embodying good advice, I left my compliments for Mr. Hardy, the extraordinary boot-closer, who could work miracles when he liked; and placed my gift of Franklin's *Life* on a little rack above Sally's drawers.

Joseph Green was a member of the Society of Friends. He was the eldest son of my old friend, Joseph Green the draper, to whose long-established business he had lately succeeded. About the same time a courtship, if such it might be called, of some three or four years' duration, had been brought to a close by Joseph marrying, with the full approbation of all concerned, the eldest daughter of a cloth manufacturer in Yorkshire, who, I need not say, was a member of the same society. The fair Quaker, I found endowed with a competent share of the comely and intelligent looks which distinguish the females of her benevolent sect. I was pleased with her manners, her conversation, her comfortable and well-arranged abode; pleased, but not yet particularly interested, nor in the least charmed. Perhaps I was too late of paying my marriage visit to this serenely sensible person, who, for aught that I saw, might have been married for seven years.

So far as human beings may dare to calculate on the course of human events, it was clear that this was to be a *soberly* happy couple, and theirs a flourishing household, established on the sure basis of prudence, mutual esteem, rational affection, competence of the means of a moderate life, perhaps a little romantic *love* also, though for this last I cannot swear; but certainly with a deep and holy sense of the duties and claims of the condition upon which they had deliberately entered, obtained by the discipline of a life, and enforced by the customs of their society, and the sanctions of their peculiar institutions. Chance had thrown my third bride into the next door of the neat row of new houses, one of which, while their house was building, formed the temporary abode of Joseph and Rachel Green. She was now the two months' wife of Mr. George Roberts, my brother's confidential clerk, whom I had known from a foolish boy—who had, indeed, grown up with and among us. He was now neither a fool nor a boy; he was, instead, a sensible and singularly acute fellow, above thirty: yet it had pleased him to fall in love, in the previous month of July,

with a very pretty young woman, a governess in a school at Hastings, to whom he had chanced to carry a letter, and whom he had seen afterwards at church, and met two or three times during his sea-side sojourn. My brother and his wife, to whom Roberts was more than an ordinary *attaché*, thought the thing a more "foolish affair" than they might have done some twenty years before; but Roberts had certainly a right to please himself—which he did, by marrying at Michaelmas, and laying out his savings, and probably a little more, in furnishing smartly the house next door, as I have said, to Joseph Green. He insisted that I should come to see, he did not exactly say to admire, *his* wife and *his* house; and I complied willingly. I had already seen her at a party given by my sister, in honor of "the foolish marriage." She was a lively, and almost a handsome, black-eyed girl, about twenty; and if not what ladies would allow to be fashionable-looking, she was at least showy and dressy; vain enough quite, and occasionally affected in her manners, though not yet wholly incrusted with either the seurf sugar-work or worse frost-work of an incurable affection. Although the assumed fine *personage* would rise, and obtrusively come between one and the natural woman, it was not yet difficult to doff the shadow aside and come at the real substance.

Mrs. George Roberts, like, I fear, ten thousand others of my country-women, had married with little more knowledge of the duties of her new condition, than belonged to the marriage dresses, the cake and cards, her ring and its brilliant guard, at which she glanced fifty times by the hour, her bracelets and combs, and the other paraphernalia of her rank and state. Yet there was occasionally that about her, which did not bespeak a woman to whom nature had denied either heart or mind, and I hoped she had fallen into tolerably good hands.

In those digital acquirements, named accomplishments, young Mrs. Roberts was no mean proficient. She also read French, and a little Italian, and had a natural talent for music, and, moreover, an ill-toned, brass-mounted new cabinet piano-forte, which formed the principal ornament of the small drawing-room, into which I was ushered by a fluttering girl in a wedding cap and topknot. It was a temple worthy of the goddess: yet the general effect at this time, while everything wore the gloss and freshness of novelty, was airy, and, so to speak, tasteful—French, or Anglo-Gallican; and I suppressed the cynical idea, forced by an involuntary comparison of this apartment with Rachel Greene's roomy bed-chamber, on the other side of the party-wall—and the question, "How will all these *flimsies* look two years hence, —mistress included!" At present all was glittering, if not golden; and "brightly blue" muslin draperies, coarse gilding and lacquer, and spider-limbed, crazy-jointed chairs and sofas—painted and varnished in imitation of expensive woods—made up the inventory, and—all obtained prodigious bargains!

"As we can't afford to give many dinner parties, it don't much signify for the dining-parlor" said George, with the prudent air so becoming in a young husband. "And as we have only a limited sum to lay out in furniture, we have made anything do for the family-room down stairs, to have this one nice for Maria's little parties."

"But where the deuce are you to sleep? This is your neighbor Greene's chamber through the wall there. Is your house larger?"

"Self-same every way; but the Greenes have no drawing-room: there is a very good small attic chamber—What signifies where people sleep?"

"Then this is the *show-room*. It really looks pretty to-day,—umph."

"It was so good of Mr. Roberts to leave the decorating of this apartment to myself," said the bride. "I so love a bright, delicate, pale, but not too pale, blue." We all looked round us admiringly at chairs, and squabs, and pillows, all "beautifully, brightly blue," and at the flowered muslin curtains, bordered with blue, and at everything festooned with bunches of "bonny blue ribbons," even to Maria's dark hair. On her varnished work-table, with its blue silk bag, were blue bell-ropes, the twisting and twining of which formed her present employment. On other tables were volumes of neatly bound little books, and vases of artificial flowers, and cards of wedding guests; and the chimney-piece was profuse of "ladies' work," in its numerous conceits and flimsy varieties. But the most striking, and to me the most provoking part of the details, was the small portable grate, placed within a large bronzed and lacquered one, in which smouldered and smoked a few small coal, contrasting dismaly, on this chill, lowering day, with the clear-burning fire and cheerful fireside I had left in the next house. I am not yet done with these details. Upon the spider-legged work-table, which a puff of air might have overturned, lay the lady's cambric-laced pocket-handkerchief, bordered by her nicely-clean French gloves, which had been taken off, that she might prosecute the bell-pull industry; and on the handkerchief, a very pretty purse made of gold and purple twist, with a *rich* clasp and tassel; half sovereigns and sixpences glancing brightly through, ready to start forth, prompt to do the bents of the fair owner as long as they lasted. I had no right nor wish to be *sulky*, nor yet to anticipate evil. There was nothing positively wrong, though there might be indications of excess of right. There certainly was nothing irrecoverable, nothing that a year's *tear and wear* of life, with its attendant experience, might not rectify. My friend George was so evidently delighted and charmed with his wife, his house, his domestic happiness and good fortune, that I could not be otherwise. I could also see that the household virtues, with their concomitant vices, were budding already in the thoughtful heart of his bride.

I would have been content with something quieter this morning than the lilac silk frock, one of the principal bridal dresses, and my brother's present, put on to do me honor; but then the motive was so good. Mrs. Roberts was already half aware that frugality was a *virtue*, hence the *bad* fire—and industry a *duty*, hence the blue bell-roping, till the poor girl was herself blue with cold.

"You have been calling for our neighbor, Mrs. Greene," said Roberts.

"Is she so very pretty?" inquired the lady. "The Quaker ladies are all imagined so handsome; that odd dress of theirs attracts attention to their faces—yet I am sure it is not in the least becoming."

"Not in the least, only convenient, and *comfortable as clothing*. I wish their female costume were more elegant. But I beg pardon. My friend Joseph's wife is not *very* pretty. She looks the mild, intelligent, amiable young woman

which I am certain she is. Her face is very *English*, both in features, and in its serene beauty of expression—the real, not the *beau-ideal*, English beauty of modern artists."

"The Quakers are not musical, I believe?"

"No!—I am sorry they are not—I do not mean exactly musical, that is now an odious hackneyed phrase; but that those whom Nature has attuned to the harmonies of sound, are not allowed to follow her bent. There can be no true wisdom in obliterating the gift of a fine ear, or a delicious voice, because it may sometimes be abused. Rachel Greene has a small bookcase in her chamber, where your piano-forte stands. I should like to see both where there is taste and leisure."

"They seem to have very nice furniture though; very *expensive* furniture," rejoined the lady. The subject had become of importance to the young housekeeper, with whom sofas and tables were fairly dividing empire with gowns and bonnets, and threatened to subvert their reign.

"Perhaps the Quakers think dear things cheapest. They have excellent, substantial, and even handsome mahogany furniture in sufficient quantity. This *tasty* little drawing-room corresponds to their family chamber. They have no flowery muslin draperies—gilding or imitation work:—black hair-cloth chairs, and couches; and window curtains, and carpets of some warm color and substantial fabric—I cannot tell you what all they have."

"And they have no best room," cried Mrs. Roberts, glancing round with triumph on her arrangements.

"They have, and keep it for themselves," cried George laughing. "That is so like Broadbrim."

"I presume they may imagine themselves best entitled to the use of their own house. 'Greatest-happiness principle,'—hey George! Sleep in a dog-hole all the year round, to have a handsome apartment to receive one's pleasant idle friends, once a-month or so."

"One can't do without *one* apartment to keep neat for company. Roberts insists on making this our ordinary sitting-room; but as it is fitted up, that cannot *prudently* be."

I admired the emphasis, and did not despair of Mrs. Roberts yet comprehending the true import of the word graced with it. Another trifling incident I noted. Rachel Greene had herself taken from her small sideboard the glasses and bright *silver* salver required when the refreshment of cake and a glass of wine was offered me. She had but one servant-girl, who had come up with her from Yorkshire. Maria Roberts had exactly the same complement of domestic help; but the temporary bell-pull gave way, in sounding the alarm to the kitchen for the supply of our wants, and considerable bustle, misunderstanding, and delay occurred, before the gaudy japan equipage was forthcoming. When I took leave, Roberts told me laughingly, that I must come often to lecture his wife. I had a foreboding that the lectures might be required sooner than he anticipated. The question with me was, did Mrs. Roberts seem a woman likely to profit by elder experience in league with her own; and as I saw no reason to despair of her, but in her energy, activity, and liveliness quite the reverse, I frequently repeated my visits, and always found her busily employed in one useless way or another.

The first grand marriage-dinner followed close

on the completion of the fittings-up, the covering of the ottoman with blue, and the suspension of the blue bell-ropes. I could not resist it. My brother's wife, with prudent consideration of a very small house, took only one daughter to represent the five who were to appear at tea. Mrs. Roberts had spared neither time, nor thought, nor labor. She had given her orders with spirit; and freely drawn upon the thrice-replenished gold and purple purse. The result was, everything considered, and fair allowance made, a very *genteel entertainment*. True, we were sadly crowded:—many things were forgotten, several lacked of the thousand-and-one requisites necessary to English *stylish* dinners; and there occurred numerous casualties. Several compulsory levies were made during dinner on the glass and plate stores of Rachel Greene. But, on the whole, though the thing did not work so well, where *hired* cook, *hired* footman, *hired* charwoman, *hired* everything, were strange and awkward, as where there is a well-drilled establishment, we got through the day, without affording materials to Theodore Hock for a piquant chapter on bourgeois pretension; leaving on the field of action three imitation rose-wood chairs dislocated, and two broken, many stains on the bright-blue furniture, compelled for the day to do parlor duty, with a large lot of cracked china and glass, and several plated forks reported missing.

"What's the good of Roberts giving such expensive, fine dinners?" said my ungrateful brother, (who had praised the venison to the skies, and been helped twice,) as we drove home. "His wife is but a child, poor thing, but he should have more sense. I must tell Master George this won't do."

My sister made her ordinary good-natured excuses. "It was the first entertainment—a marriage dinner; people must be like their neighbors."

"Well, well; all very good, Anne; but we shall see." What selfish, suspicious wretches prudent men in business are! James was already thinking of another clerk.

On my future calls upon Mrs. George Roberts, I found her always at work, busily employed, as if for daily bread, in embroidering caps and habit shirts, or altering and repairing her own dresses. One day, in the end of March, as I find by my diary, I visited Mrs. Roberts, after having called upon her neighbor, Rachel Greene. Indeed, I never went to see the one lady without calling for the other. Both appeared alike anxious to fulfil their duties; both were economical and *industrious*; but with how different an understanding of the domestic virtues! Maria Roberts was, beyond all doubt, the most laborious of these fair neighbors. By twelve o'clock, or earlier, any day that I called, I found Rachel, all the arrangements completed that took her to the kitchen, seated in her parlor with her *plain work*. All her work I found was what women called *plain work*: making or repairing useful garments—often of very ugly shapes—without seeming to consider that one kind of useful *seam* had greater pretensions to gentility or elegance than another. Her work was very often neighbored by a book; for, as she modestly told me, this year she had more reading leisure than she could in future look to have. At a regular hour she went abroad for her accustomed exercise, and generally brought home my friend Joseph to an early and comfortable dinner.

"How I envy my neighbor her walking and reading leisure!" said Maria, with whom I was now so intimate that she pursued her *ungenteel* work in my presence. "She looks always as if she had nothing to do—nothing to trouble her." The placid pair were passing, arm in arm, into their dwelling, accompanied by an elderly friend from the country, who had come on chance to share their family dinner.

"Why don't you make leisure? what are you always doing? Your family is exactly the size of Mrs. Greene's; your labors less in one way, for Rachel is a *martinet* about her house and furniture. She is making her new tables all looking-glasses. You tell me you have given up parties—what are you always doing?"

"Doing! Mr. Richard Taylor; I wish you knew the half of it: but gentlemen never do understand ladies' work. I wish school-girls only knew what married life is—with a small income—(*a sigh.*) I have not opened my instrument these six weeks; I have not looked into a book; indeed, I have given up the newspaper, it was so expensive, and such a waste of time, as Roberts sees it at his chambers. It is always *sew, sew, sewing*, as you see; but I don't repine at this. It is necessary that I should be industrious—and I rather like it." And she pinched, plaited, and held off, at arm's length, some part of the lilac silk dress which she was adapting to a new spring fashion, the garment having the misfortune to have been made in the extreme mode of the last October. I could perceive it was a tough job, and one which required both patience and affection for the work.

The flirtish form to coarse materials lent,  
And one poor robe through fifty fashions sent.

How much of female time is consumed in this wretched way—time, valuable for health, for knowledge, for social enjoyment, for really productive labor, is thus wasted!

"Maria, when we obtain that nicely balanced constitution of king, *ladies*, and commons, of which we have so often talked, I hope Rachel Greene, representative of the women of this district, will bring in a bill, decreeing that when a dress is once made in the proper form, there it shall remain till worn out, or, at least, till it require to be turned. I will have no remodelling, no adaptation to new style. How many mornings will this piece of gear cost you now!"

"Mornings! ay and evenings, Mr. Taylor,—four or five at the least, I assure you! If I have it finished before Easter Sunday, it is all I expect;" and she again turned it over, and plaited away.

"Fit preparation for that festival! Let us count the cost. Four or five long delightful walks in these bracing, invigorating spring mornings, exhilarating to health and spirits, even in London streets. A great many hours of pleasant, useful, or serious reading; storing knowledge for future days; ay, and several long evenings, in which you might have indulged your own taste, and that of your friends, with some very good music, which you can give them when you like—no lady better."

"It is hard!"—(*a sigh.*)—"But you know I work from principle—from a sense of duty. I can't afford to pay a dressmaker."

"Fashion anew a lilac silk gown from principle!—*Unph!*"

"From a principle of economy, Mr. Richard!"—(*peevishly*)—"What can I do? I brought Roberts no fortune—I must be industrious." And the needle flew, while the color rose. How could I be displeased? I blamed my own severity, and gave her virtue the praise it merited; for here was the virtue of industry, however unenlightened and misdirected.

"Your good opinion, I am sure, is very flattering to me. Mr. Roberts has told me so much good of you; and I am so strange here and inexperienced, that I am most grateful for your advice. I have been so much benefited by your conversation and knowledge already. It was you first gave me the motive to industry, by showing me how expensive everything is in London."

"I am afraid I have blundered exceedingly, or else my patient has misunderstood my directions. If this sort of work *must* be done, it would, in my opinion, be better economy, better sense, better everything, to pay for it ten times over, than ruin your health, waste your spirits, and sacrifice the comforts of your domestic arrangements in this way." Her color rose yet higher, as we both looked round the somewhat littered parlor, in which Mr. Roberts was in a short time expected to dinner.

My remonstrances were not yet of any effect. My young friend was acquiring a young housewife's passion for *work*. She was what the women call neat-handed. She was inventive, ingenious, and loved to be fashionably dressed; and her whole time was accordingly spent in fabricating ornaments for her own person or her house. Hannah More speaks somewhere of six weeks of the precious time of an immortal creature being spent in embroidering a child's cap. She should have said—not by a poor creature who, to sustain the life of her own infant, must labor thus to decorate the child of some more fortunate woman—but by ladies commanding money as well as leisure. If Mrs. Roberts took not above a month to her christening-cap, it was because she was a very deaf, and indefatigable needle-woman. Hardly was she earning the praise bestowed upon her by the good-natured of her own sex, of being a remarkably genteel, nicely-dressed young woman, and so excellent an economist! The ill-natured sneered at the foolish attempt of a person, such as she, striving to appear like one of thrice her fortune; and they perhaps were in the right.

#### CHAPTER II.—DUTY.

I have often been amused by the meaning women attach to particular words, and among others, to the stern word *Duty*—that principle by which the stars are kept from "going wrong," and households from being converted into dens of dirt and discomfort. One morning, on my way to Roberts' house, I called upon one of my numerous dowager acquaintances, to pay my respects to a niece of a certain age, then with her on a visit. I pretend to some skill in female works, for which, with my learned friends, I plead the example of Rousseau. When I had satisfied myself, or at least the lady, about the astonishing progress made by her pupils in the country, to whom my sister Anne had recommended her, I examined and admired her work.

"And such industry, Mr. Richard!" cried the aunt. "In the ten days she has been here, she has done as much as will trim five!—and yet we go about all day."

"My dear aunt," cried the younger lady, bridling, yet with a modest blushing disclaimer of all superhuman virtue, "I am only doing my DUTY."

The *duty* was twisting tape into a zig-zag form, to make a railing for the bottom of her five new petticoats.

When I walked to Rachel Greene's, I met her at the door, going out to visit the infant school she had assisted to organize in this neighborhood, and which she anxiously and unostentatiously superintended. She invited me to accompany her; and I asked permission to take young Mrs. Roberts. I wished much that these neighbors were better friends. "Certainly," said Rachel cheerfully; "these visits will soon form to her, as they already do to me, a delightful DUTY. I have of late taken a great fancy to watch children. I wish Friend Roberts and I were better neighbors. I used to love to hear her through the party-wall singing her hymns and psalms; but I think she has given that up." Here was unexpected liberality. Perhaps Maria's music might be only Italian melodies or opera songs; but I was not going to tell that to Rachel. Maria could not accompany us; she regretted it sincerely; "but all this must be done before dinner." She was making up a head-dress for an evening party—to save money. "You would not have me desert my *duty*?"

"Certainly not; but think beforehand, I would have you, of the kind of duties you lay upon yourself." Maria watched our return, and tapped on the window as soon as I had left my fair friend within doors. "O, that sweet, serene Rachel Greene," she cried, half laughing; "how I do envy her!"

"Had you seen her in the last hour you might."

"Nay, I shall be jealous too. Roberts gets as bad as yourself: we shall have green-eyed monsters among us, I can tell you, if we cannot be more Greene."

"Why not be as *Greene* as is desirable."

"Is it the soft vernal grass, or bright apple, or brilliant emerald green you would have me? Really, Mr. Richard, you would not wish me to turn Quaker?"

"Clearly not, unless your reason and conscience bid you: I don't intend to turn Quaker myself, but I would like to see you turn a *Rational*, for which I am sure nature intended you, Maria; and from the Friends you may obtain excellent hints. With what you call your limited income, how much comfort and leisure a Quaker family could command; but how much more enjoyment could you command with your accomplishments and taste." There was, with me, one decided superiority which Maria held over my friend Rachel. Her different mode of education, and scope of reading and lively fancy, made her understand all my allusions, whether playful or sarcastic. This had at once established a certain intelligence and sympathy between us, even when we quarrelled. But if Rachel did not always perceive the point of my illustrations, Maria was far more backward in apprehending the force of my reasoning, when directed against her own notions and practices. It was in vain that I strove to convince her that the household god she had set up under the name of Duty, was an ugly misshapen idol, blubber-lipped and with squinting eyes, consuming the time and wealth of its votaries in the besotted rites of a stupid and blinded idolatry. In vain I talked to her of the slavery to which she was hourly con-

demning herself. She could not yet renounce her idol-worship.

"I wish we were as rich as the Greenes, Mr. Richard," said she, "and then I should be so happy to visit your Infant School, or walk, or read, or be social:—but at present—"

"Why, at present you spend more money than Rachel Greene."

"You don't say so! This last to be sure has been a dreadfully extravagant year; the outset always must; and that shockingly expensive dinner!"

"I can at once tell you what Rachel Greene's housekeeping cost in the last twelve months."

"Does she talk to you of her family affairs? I thought that had been indelicate, improper, in money concerns."

"So English people in general seem to think. Money is the only thing of which they must not speak—because they are eternally thinking of it, because it occupies their whole souls, and because, poor creatures! they really feel it a disgrace and crime not to have a very great deal of filthy lucre—or what is thought a great deal for them. Why else may not people talk with as much candor and frankness about their incomes as they do about their children, or anything else nearly pertaining to them?"

"Family matters! Mr. Richard?"

"Ay, family matters is the word. Be assured, Maria, it is either selfishness, insincerity, or coldness, that prevents *family matters* from being the topic most frequently talked over of all matters between true friends. These are interests, which, above all others, 'come home to women's business and bosoms.'—(A long deep sigh—followed by a pause.)

"I believe that, Mr. Richard: but you perceive how the world goes—"

"The world of England?"—

"All one sees, hears, or reads, forbids the sort of frankness, and the notions you hold. No one writes a book on education, on domestic morals, on household economy, or even on cookery, but what is adapted to wealthy persons—Miss Edgeworth and Rousseau included. Their systems are all concocted for people worth at least £500 a-year: and they require much more."

"I wish we had better elementary or guide-books, Maria. Your remark is acute, and far more just than many that are made by the critics on these works. Hannah More was an honest woman, when she said *Hints for the Education of a young Princess*, limiting her book to one individual. All works on education hitherto published, ought, in common honesty, to be entitled, *Treatises for Training the children of the Rich: or Books of counsel for the Wealthy*. We have no systems for the *Many*—but still we have our 'old experience'—"

"To what does it *attain* in my case, sir?" My young friend smiled upon me with so much sweet earnestness, that I could not help vowed my best efforts to aid in solving her difficulty.

"With given *data* to something like absolute certainty, Maria. For example, how much domestic comfort of the extrinsic kind, a family of three or four persons in London may secure for £200 a-year. Or take any British or Irish town, and vary our estimates from 15 to 25 per cent. You won't live £25 per cent cheaper in Kerry or Shetland than in London, believe me, Maria—nor

in any continental town I ever knew; though you may vary your style of living, you may *retrench*. If London is not a *cheap* place, to those who wish to make it so, then is the division of labor a mockery—*cheap carriage* and the principle of *competition* all *humbug*. But London is a *cheap* place, cheaper than Boulogne, or the Norman Islands, if you please to exercise your understanding aright—and exorcise, cast out, the Demon *Fashion*, and the *Imp Style*”

“To return to the *data*, Mr. Richard,” said my fair friend. She really stuck better to a text than most women.

“The *data*, madam, in the present case, is 197*l.* 15*s.* 8*sd.*—I found it in Rachel Greene’s little book.”

“Sordid creatures!” exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, “with an income like theirs to spend so little! For what do they hoard?”

“You are unjust, Maria. You take their highest rate of income. So do all enterprising gentlemen who afterwards grace the bankrupt list. My friend Joseph Greene’s income, unlike my friend Mr. Roberts’, is fluctuating. This year his profits may be £500; next year £150, or less. Bad times have come on all retail dealers, and threaten to continue. His father made much more money in the same trade and shop. Now, Joseph and his wife, in their honeymoon—”

“A Quaker honeymoon!” cried Maria, in scornful mirth. “Fancy a pair of Quaker turtles!” (a scornful hollow laugh.)

“Call it what you will, Mrs. Roberts; it was the time of the first sensible, prudent, affectionate, and confidential talk between my friends, Joseph and Rachel Greene, by their own fireside, in the first month of their marriage: then and there they struck the average of the profits of our friend Joseph’s trade, and resolved that £200 a-year was all that could at present be reasonably afforded for household expenses.”

“Sordid!” again exclaimed Maria.

“Far from it. The only circumstance I ever heard Rachel Greene regret—and she speaks most frankly of her means of life, not considering that there is any difference between £50 a-year and £50,000, where each is the sole product of honest industry and diligence—is, that she cannot know exactly at the end of each year how much is over—to be laid up, as she said, ‘where moth and rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through.’ She already guesses, I suspect, that our friend Joseph admires different kind of investment. All her own savings, I know, she devotes to deeds of benevolence. Her heart, like the hearts of most women, is naturally compassionate. She even gives to common beggars, and forgets the far-seeing wisdom of her sect, and of the political economists. One day I checked her. ‘Alas!’ was her reply, ‘that poor old man’s pale, emaciated face tells me a true story. Shall not we women apply the lenitive, till you *philosophers* cure the distemper; because that poor man may perhaps be so far an imposter, shall I harden my heart against my fellow-creature—my fellow-immortal? Him who, as a Christian, I am bound to hope will share the joys of heaven with me—shall I withhold from him my wretched pittance on earth? Is this to do the will of Him who maketh his sun to shine and his rain to descend, alike upon the just and the unjust?’”

“Amiable woman! I was base to doubt her worth,” cried my young friend, in whose eyes

tears had gathered. “How shall I resemble her? Where learn like her to know and do my duty?”

However unfit I may be to give counsel, I am not the man to hear such an appeal with indifference.

“I have been surprised,” I continued, “to find how nearly Friend Rachel hit the mark in her expenditure. But she would not spend more—did not wish to spend much less. She has an excellent idea of the prices and values of all ordinary commodities, and of how much of everything is required in a family of a certain number; and this knowledge she possesses along with the domestic discipline, frugality, and good management, which the uniform, regular habits of the Quakers, and of many quiet English families, give their women, as it were, by hereditary right.”

“Management!” Maria’s ear mechanically caught the word. “Can you explain to me Mrs. Greene’s system?”

“I cannot—probably it is not what you would call a system.

A few good instincts, and a few plain rules, Maria, derived from her Yorkshire granddames. ‘Economy,’ says Johnson—no economist himself—is a very nice thing—one man’s coat wears out much sooner than another’s. Neatness, regularity—above all, order, and the absence of every sort of pretension, must be essential to her system. I believe that young housekeepers often fail from want of knowledge of the principles of arithmetic.”

“Of ciphering, Mr. Richard? Nay, I can challenge the whole Quaker and housekeeping world there! I got three prizes at school for ciphering.”

“But can you apply your knowledge, fair lady? Can you tell me in a moment how much a young couple, whose annual income is under £300 a-year—call it for safety £270—may afford to expend on one dinner? Come, now, by any rule you please! *Experience—Practice* is best—I mean without forestalling their income, an increase of their family rendering a certain enlargement of expenditure necessary.” Poor Maria fluttered and colored, tears again gathering to her eyes. I cannot say whether *management* or *maternity* now preponderated in her heart.

“I cannot yet tell; but I fear not so much as this.” She had unlocked the little desk, and taken out the *book* so thumbed and studied, and so mysterious in the frightful totals which it cast up out of nothing. To me the amount was at least not astonishing, as I was quite aware to what an enormous expense her absurdly extravagant Christmas Dinner must have come; the soups, the fish, the game, the jellies, the creams, the dessert, the wines, the hundred-and-one incidental charges, which any woman less clever and anxious to probe to the bottom of the evil would have overlooked or slurred over; but which here stood in a formidable array of figures. *Plunder* ought to have formed a considerable *item*, I dare say; but it was not entered under this head. It is always fortunate to make a good smashing loss at once, which may startle one, and put one on one’s guard. “18*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*; well, I don’t think that so far out of the way, considering the good *style* in which the thing was done. Some things appear very reasonable—other items extravagant enough. A monstrous quantity of Epping but-

ter; but good cookery requires good oiling; nothing in the world goes sweetly at first without it."

"And we gave a very nice, genteel evening party with the left things—ham, cakes, jellies, and other things."

"And that is a *per contra*."

"Oh! Mr. Richard, a *per contra* to this abominable bill! No, no!—I am grieved and ashamed to look at it. How useful to me were half that money at present to get decencies and necessary comforts: no wonder Roberts says I cannot manage." This was unlooked-for humility. "I dare say Mrs. Greene would have given half-a-dozen dinners with that money!"

"Probably a whole dozen, Maria, all good of their kind, too; but then the party would have been small, in conformity to the house, the attendants, the income, the number of *real* friends—to economy, good sense, and true social enjoyment."

"I see it all, Mr. Richard; Roberts was right in saying I can manage no more than a baby—no more than a baby! Think of that, sir; you who have seen how I have labored for eight months out of the twelve I have been here, injuring my health, as you have told me often, and spending almost nothing upon myself: to be sure, I was fully equipped last year. I declare, when I have been chilled to death, tortured with chilblains, and threatened with rheumatism, I have denied myself a shovel of coals in my chamber, to economize; while Mrs. Greene has a good fire every cold evening, and her chamber so much more comfortable than mine, as they have no drawing-room; but let the Quaker ladies alone for taking care of themselves."

"To how much does *almost nothing* come, Maria?" was my rejoinder. "You must forgive my freedom, since you invite my counsel. Let us see." The little book was again produced. I was aware of one *irresistible* French summer bonnet and scarf, and an indispensable autumn evening shawl; but as it turned out, there were fifty other trifles, bits of lace, and joining lace, morsels of ribbon, scraps of gauze, gloves, shoes, &c., &c., that came, when summed up, to above £8. Maria was in astonishment. Her dexterous ciphering had never suggested anything like this. "What you say of my friend Rachel's extravagance in fire and *comfort*, is quite like her good sense. She keeps possession of her own house for her own self; lives to her own feelings, her own conscience, even to her own comfortable bodily sensations, rather than to idle people's eyes, or to fashion and vanity; and is she not right?"

"That Mrs. Pantague almost made me buy that bonnet and scarf, one day that she did me the honor to introduce me to her own *milliner*. I know it was wrong, too, to purchase *French* things. We should encourage the lace-makers and embroideresses of our own country."

I smiled involuntarily. "Now," she continued, "the Quaker ladies give no encouragement to the industry of their own sex. They wear no lace, embroidery, or fancy articles. And, surely it is right for women to encourage the industry of their own sex; and all ladies, you say, have a right to buy whatever they like and can afford."

"Which conscience and understanding approve:—clearly, Maria."

"Now, were we all to turn Quakers, the whole factory-women would be thrown idle, with all the lace-workers."

"Not idle; only differently, and, I am sure, better employed, in their own households, as daughters, wives, and mothers, for such rational length of time daily, as neither trenched on health nor enjoyment, and the mental culture, without which the condition of the human being, even with lace and embroidery, is but little above that of the beast that perishes. You blame the Quaker ladies for not buying lace and embroidery; do you know anything of the state of the poor women engaged in that manufacture, or in what you term fancy articles—married as well as single women?"

"Not much; only I know they work amazingly cheaply: so cheaply, that if I were as rich as Mrs. Greene, I would always buy, never make. That *thing*, as like an ungallant gentleman, you term my beautiful *canezou*, has cost me six weeks' labor; and I could buy it in a cheap shop in the city for 1*l. 2s.*"

"And certainly not the half of that sum went to the poor creature, who sat bundled up fourteen or sixteen hours a-day, poking her eyes out working it, earning from 6*d.* to 8*d.* daily. Have you ever had an opportunity of visiting the cottages or town-dwellings of the lace-workers in Buckinghamshire, Nottinghamshire, or Northampton county?—always abodes of discomfort and penury, often of actual starvation—where the natural order of things is very frequently inverted, the husband arranging the house, that the hands of the sickly, slatternly wife, may not be rendered unfit for the delicate employment on which her children's bread depends.

The free maids that weave their lace with bones, are among the most miserable of the slaves of civilization;—and its chains press upon and gall us every one, the rich as well as the poor. But let me not say civilization—it is fashion, vanity, madness, I really mean. Society cannot be too highly civilized. I would see it rise to far higher enjoyments among its Marias, than this everlasting *ornamenting*, and needle and scissor work."

My young friend took up a book, with an arch glance at me. "This is a favorite writer with you, sir. What says he?—'I love ornament: all nature is full of it.'"

"And so do I, love the ornament with which all nature is full: its colors, odors, forms; all its exquisite beauty—intricate or palpable, universal or minute—cannot be enough admired and glorified. Flowers, 'the stars of earth'; stars, 'the poetry of heaven'; these are the ornaments I love—and for this, among a million reasons, that their beauty is immutable, unchanging. The rose has been the 'red, red rose,' with the same rich foliage, since it first blossomed in Eden. The pale lily has risen on the self-same graceful stem since the general Mother, 'fairest of her daughters,' first bent her dewy eyes upon that flower of Paradise. So when you quote Leigh Hunt against me, Maria, in favor of changeful fashions, as well as profuse ornament, you must quote in the spirit. If the rose chose to prank herself every season in new garniture, and sported yellow flowers with blue leaves this year, and brown with white the next, I should tire even of her; if the lily forsook her slender stem and changed her pearly white

tint—her Naiad-like beauty—to flaunt in crimson, with glossy leaves, I would be for instantly depositing her as the Queen of Flowers :—yea, if Jupiter himself—

The star of Jove, so beautiful and large,

chose to astonish the nations by rising to-night, angular in shape, with a deep, sapphire radiance, and to-morrow in flame-colored taffeta, I would vote him a huge bore—and anything but an ornament to the heavens. The analogy between the ornament of which all nature is full, and the perpetually-changing, gaudy, inappropriate artificial ornaments of vanity and fashion, does not in the least hold, or rather it makes for me."

"Then you would not discard all beautiful, all magnificent things, nor even our pretty decorations?"

"Certainly I would not—only ugly trumpery, useless trash, to which you make yourselves slaves."

"Lace, for example, that exquisite fabric which Rousseau admired so much?"

"The *Man of Nature* was in many things a very sophisticated, artificial personage, Maria—almost a coxcomb. I have no objection to your lace, and delicate needlework; though, in my Areadia—my ideal republic—the beauty, health, and spirits of one order of the women shall never be sacrificed, that another may wear a thing about her face which Rachel Greene looks very pretty without, and Maria Roberts also."

"A compliment by implication! I shall value it were it but for the rarity," said my laughing companion. "Well, though our caps and veils cost something, pink bows and *brides* included, the Quaker ladies don't dress—*clothe* themselves—I beg pardon—for nothing. In the quality and fineness of the material, they are perfect *exquisites*."

"A consequence of really enlightened economy. Mrs. Greene seriously asked me one day if I could, in this part of London, recommend her to a *dear* shop. Persons with whom a fashion lasts till a garment wears out, show good sense in making it of such materials as are worth bestowing labor upon. But let us reckon now, Maria, the real difference of money-cost between your lace English cap, and Rachel's snug Quaker one; or, say, between it and the tasteful veil of thin muslin, the becoming head-dress of a Genoese girl."

"I presume the Genoese head-gear, like the Quakers—(like, and yet how unlike!)—may cost 2s. or 3s.; mine, my own labor, *brides* and bows included, at least 25s.; so there is a clear 21s. or more for Rachel Greene to hoard, which I distribute in encouraging manufactures, you perceive, sir."

"To spend on her *Infant School*, as like, Maria; or very probably in fuel or flannel petticoats for the poor creatures who have become sickly, and prematurely old, spending their life in fabricating ornaments for more fortunate women."

Maria sighed at this view of the question. "I do envy the rich, and the *Friends*, their means of benevolence."

"Don't be content with envying—*attain*; go to the fountain-head. The means of enlightened benevolence are in every one's power. Begin with my amiable young friend, Maria Roberts; emancipate her, in the first place, from her profit-

less, thankless toils, and this will be one great good gained."

"If the *world* would only come to your way of thinking, Mr. Richard:—the first edict, I assure you, of your king, *Ladies*, and *Commons*, which commands more rational conduct—"

"Unfortunately edicts won't do it." There was consequently no more to be said. What Maria called the *world* was still too strong for her. She was more and more its reluctant and repining slave; but not the less fettered that her very restiveness made the chain gall and fester.

Before I saw Mrs. Roberts again, she had suffered from a severe rheumatic fever, produced by the cold sifting airs of her attic chamber; and by imagining that it was absolutely necessary to have furs to wear abroad, while flannel and fleecy hosiery might be dispensed with, not being *visible*, which, by the by, seems the practical belief of two thirds of the female world, where both cannot be obtained.

Towards the end of the year tradesmen's bills, of all sorts and sizes, came tumbling in. Every new bill was a fresh surprise; yet their items were like housemaids' newspaper characters, *undeniable*. Maria studied, and summed and filed, but could not cipher away the startling amount; and now mistaking the reverse of wrong for right, as far astray as ever, and more offensively so, the small coal was meted out by scuttlefuls, the salt by cupfuls,—she counted the candle ends, and reckoned the potatoes. The small joint was charred for want of fire and Epping moisture, the pie-crust smelt of rancid kitchen stuff. Roberts, in an angry fit, vowed that he would dine at an ordinary, and the maid mutinied. Another was procured—*cheap*—an awkward country lass, who, hitherto accustomed to handle only wooden pails and buckets, broke all more brittle wares. Roberts was for the time appeased. Indeed, if he had not, he must have been a savage—for poor Maria, almost killed with mental anxiety and efforts at management, gave birth to her first child; and, to save expense, dismissed her nurse so soon, and was taken so seriously ill in consequence, that my sister instantly procured a country nurse for her infant, and another for herself, scolding the unhappy Roberts for his senselessness; and making such inroads on Maria's saving and plans of retrenchment and economy, as I fully believe retarded her recovery.

By the middle of February Maria was restored to health—pale and meagre enough, but quite well as she vowed; and she brought home her child, from affection and economy, to be what old Irish and Scotch nurses call brought up "by the pan and the spoon,"—and English ones, "by the hand."

The christening feast and annual Christmas holiday-dinner were to be consolidated this year in furtherance of economy and retrenchment. Maria had given up her needle. She was now an active housewife. Long were the consultations we held. "I will show you a different bill from last year's," said she to me with harmless exultation in her newly-acquired knowledge, "You shall see how I will manage!"

I had no wish to damp Maria's ardor, nor yet to check the current of her self-teaching. *Painful* experience I foresaw it was to turn out, but not the less wholesome in its effects. Her first dinner had been the *senselessly-ostentatious*; her

second was to be the most absurd of all, the worst of mistakes, the *shabby-genteel*. I reserve its mortifying details and consequences for another chapter.

### CHAPTER III.—THE SHABBY-GENTEEL.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen ;  
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen ;  
At the sides there were spinach and pudding made hot ;  
In the middle a place where the pastry—was not.

GOLDSMITH.

How often soever it may have been said, that we never seem ridiculous from what we are, but from what we assume to be, the saying remains as true as ever ; and, therefore, I once more repeat it, at the opening of this chapter. Taken in this sense, ridicule is indeed the test of truth, for nothing *true* can be in itself ridiculous. We may smile in contempt or derision of conceit and folly ; or laugh in sympathy with comic or ludicrous scenes and ideas ; but it is pretension, assumption only, that move our ridicule. To be above its insolent insulting inflictions we have only to be ourselves ; which simple part, to the bulk of mankind, appears the most difficult to perform of any. Our social customs universally conspire to make us attempt everything, rather than display the real character ; but above all to conceal the true circumstances in which we live. We must either seem above, or—though far more rarely—below them. The very wealthy do sometimes take to

The Devil's own vice,  
The pride that apes humility,

as soon as they rise above the more common affectations of vanity.

My young friend, Mrs. Roberts, exposed herself to *ridicule*, by the common folly of assuming to give dinners, to dress, and to live in the style of persons of double her income : but, for the credit of English morality, I regret to say, that she only incurred the penalty by attempting to reconcile discretion and honesty with what, in such circumstances, was quite incompatible. Extravagance, folly, debt, gross dishonesty, might, in short, have been pardoned, where the thing was managed with *dash*, and a proper understanding of effect ; but who can pardon the *shabby-genteel*—abhorred of gods, men, and charwomen ? And on a charwoman turned the fortunes of Maria Roberts' *Second Christmas Dinner*.

I mentioned in the last chapter that she had, from frugality, hired one of those wondrous machines, a *maid-of-all-work*, ignorant and stupid, at half-wages—who made up the balance by breaking china and glass, and damaging every article of furniture that fell in her way. I have frequently noticed that notable housekeeping ladies are, in general, fatalists about breaking. Mrs. Roberts, after the first three months, concluded that Jane had got through most of her breakings. “And she was so good-hearted and kind to ‘baby,’—that important small personage in so many small households—and was believed so honest.” “With myself, Jane, and the charwoman, and a good deal of forethought, I can manage very well,” said Maria, at one of our final consultations. “I shall have everything possible done beforehand—the cooking will be all over before the company begin to arrive—then I can dress in a minute ; and Biddy, [the Irish charwoman,] when

she has sent in dinner, can assist Jane to wait at table. I cannot think of having one of those insolent fellows of hired footmen in the house again ; and those cooks who go about, are so horribly extravagant, conceited, and dictating—one of them, whom Mrs. Pantague hires to assist her cook, charges 15s. a-day ; and must be *wine'd* and *porter'd*, and waited upon and coaxed.”

I entirely approved of dispensing with the perambulating footman, whether “of parts or figure,” and also the consequential cook mentioned, whom I knew to be as troublesome and conceited as if she had taken a regular diploma from M. Ude ; but how Jane and Biddy were to perform their various functions was still an affair through which I could not see my way. Of the latter I had indeed considerable suspicion all along ; strenuously as I understood she had been recommended by her countrywoman, my neighbor, the orange-seiler, Mrs. Plunkett, as possessing every good quality requisite under a kitchen roof, “had lived cook in genteel families, both in Bath and Dublin city itself ; and in her first husband's time, assisted the cook to the mess of the 92d regiment, though that was fifteen years ago.”

My doubts threw Maria into fresh perplexity : she studied her bill of fare. “It would be taking too great a liberty to ask Mrs. James Taylor to lend me her cook for a day ; but I might ask her advice—she is always so gentle, and so kind to me.”

“But you won't ask her advice though,” I put in abruptly. “My sister Anne is one of the best women that breathes ; no one more amiable, more generous ; but, good worthy lady, she has been happy and moderate enough never to have known any one serious domestic difficulty in her life. She has always been so perfectly at ease in money matters herself, that, like many more excellent women one meets, she is rather puzzled to find out why other people are not as much at *their* ease, and have not everything as *nice* and proper about their nurseries and their table as herself. When Roberts can allow you 600/- or 800/- a-year for your housekeeping, about half my brother's liberal allowance, then advise with my sister Anne. She can discourse most sensibly on economy, and wonder, too, how people need be so very ill off. In which sort of surprise, I have seen her sensible husband join her, and with a most proper and husband-like admiration of his wife's domestic talents, declare that where families do not go on well, (with probably not the fourth of her means,) there must be bad management at bottom. And yet they are among the best people I know. To comprehend the exigencies of your position in society, or rather that of struggling professional people, the most difficult of any, is quite out of their way. Your part in life, once clearly ascertained, ought to be easily filled.”

“I assure you, to me it seems the most difficult of any. If with the fourth part of Mrs. James Taylor's income, one could do with the fourth of the beef, bread, tea, coals, candles, butter, and so forth ; but you see how it is—that would be no rule, and what to save upon, while one must have everything the self-same as those wealthy people—”

“Or at least some *mock imitation*, and *make-shift* thing, Maria. Well, it is a wretched system, a despicable slavery—this making one guinea do the fashionable work of three, or *seem to do* ;

for, after all, it never gets beyond seeming. Like the foolish bird, we hide our heads under the wing of our own vanity, and fancy that the whole world is not seeing and laughing at us, because we have hoodwinked ourselves."

I had probably pushed the conversation beyond the point of politeness; for on this subject, and with so interesting a victim before me, I could have no reserve or patience. Sometimes my heart misgave me, and I was on the point of warning Maria against the absurdities she was about to commit, and the ridicule she was to draw upon herself, by her "Three Courses and a Dessert;" but stern friendship counselled that I should let her do her worst, and endure the penalty of shame and mortification at once and forever.

I undertook several little commissions for Maria, connected with her *fête*, and promised to come myself very early, to amuse Mr. Sam. Madox, a cockney bachelor of some sixty years; somewhat of a virtuoso, but more of a *gourmand*, finical and withal priggish, and known by the ladies of the many families with whom he managed to be a dinner-visiter, as "that plague, old Madox, who always comes so early." Not that he came a second before the appointed hour, but to that he appeared punctual as the hand of his watch.

I did not appear before my services were required. Great as are the mysterious powers of ubiquity possessed by the maid-of-all-work, it is still just possible that the most thorough-bred of the corps cannot overtake everything. When I arrived, all was, as is said, at sixes and sevens. The parlor fire was still unlit; the confusion in the kitchen might have been, as the charwoman who made it, said, "stirred with a stick." Maria, in a morning gown and apron, not over clean, of course, and her brown tresses in papillotes, was hushing "baby," who squalled, as if on purpose, ten times louder than ever he had squalled before, and casting looks of distraction and despair on Biddy, the regular charwoman and brevet cook. To me the latter was the most amusing person of the group. Maria watched her as a clever sensible patient may an ignorant surgeon, certain that all was going wrong, that some dreadful mischief was impending, but overawed by the dignity of the profession, and afraid to interfere. Mrs. Roberts was conscious that, though perfectly able to judge of results, she still knew little or nothing of preliminary culinary processes; and was, in many cases, an entire stranger to the mode by which particular effects were to be produced. It was not difficult to perceive that Biddy, if she had ever possessed the requisite skill, had let her right hand forget its cunning. Like all other persons in office who do not know their own business, she required a deputy.

"Sorrow be on you, girl, won't you give me the cullender; and the tureen, as you see, between my own hands." Mrs. Roberts flew with the desired utensil. "Och, excuse me—is it yourself, ma'am—where the *diaoul* has that creature Jane put the dish-cloth, which was in my own hands this minute. In troth, then sir," continued she, looking at me with one of her broadest grins, "if you don't lave that, we'll be thinking of pinning it to your tails. But just mention, mi-lady, now, what sauce you would like for the roast bullock's heart, that's to relave the soused rabbits and onion sauce."

"Oh, not the rabbits," cried Maria: "surely you know better—you can't forget it is the

*Hessian ragout*, that the mock roast-hare relieves—"

"Well, never mind—the one or the other it is, any way. Sure, I saw it oftener than there's teeth in my jaws, both ways. With the mess of the 92d it was always the 'other way; but your ladyship may take your own way for all that."

"Think how time flies, my good woman," cried the anxious hostess, "almost five! Will you take another draught of beer—and then the pheasant—not singed yet. —Mrs. James Taylor has sent me such a beautiful pheasant!"—

"We'll be none the worse of the liquor, any way, ma'am. And is not he an illgant love of a bird, now, Mr. Richard—many is the likes of him I seen in my own country—only a thought larger. (*Drinks.*) That's no bad beer. Cox's house is one of the best in Lunnon, both for measure and quality. But would you like his head twisted this way, ma'am, or that way, ma'am? He is a prince of a bird! He'll grace your table, ma'am!"

"So I hope. It was so good of Mrs. Taylor to send me this game—I never would have gone to this bird's price. But dear me, cook, truss the head any way: really, my good woman, this is no time for conversation—pleasantly as you talk—any way with his head—you know best about that."

"I shud," was pronounced with emphatic brevity; and the neck of the unhappy biped was twisted every way but that which fashion or custom prescribes and calls the right way. Maria guessed as much; and I admired the strong good sense and presence of mind which prevented her from fretting, or standing on trifles in such an emergency. She was like Napoleon giving his commands to the surgeon accoucheur of Marie Louise. Mrs. Roberts' silence seemed to say, "Treat my golden pheasant as if it were but an ordinary barn-door fowl."

"And never fear," replied Biddy, "I'll have him in in pudding-time, I warrant me—the pisant and the sowles, ma'am, first—an't that it?"

"O dear, no, no," cried Maria, now thoroughly vexed. "The pheasant—the game, is for the third course."

"The third coarse! Sure I have seen him in the first, when a donny bird like that, both in mi-lady Cark's, and Mr. Sergeant Saurin's too."

"But in England—O Biddy! Well, you Jane, you will surely remember when the pheasant is to be sent in. Here's the bill of fare."

Again, perverse "baby" squalled out, and drowned all our voices.

"Such a scene, Mr. Richard—will you, pray, step into the parlor, Jane has lit the fire now again, I hope. O, baby, cruel baby! if you knew what your poor mother has to undergo to-day, you would surely be a better boy. Gracious! that's old Madox's knock!"

This luckily proved a false alarm; "baby," by good fortune, had now exhausted himself in squalling, and fell asleep. Maria had five minutes to dress; but how, she whispered, could she leave that fearful Biddy.

"Make yourself asy, ma'am: trust to myself, and mind you your good company. First, the *sowles*, and the *Hessian ragout*: but there's no

good any way of letting this drop of beer die a natural death in the mug. A merry meeting of friends to you, ma-lady ! and trust your dinner to myself, and I'll do it handsome and gentale, as Mr. Richard there will tell you."

The maid, by power of bellows, had by this time forced a tardy reluctant fire in the parlor, and sent clouds of ashes over all the neatly laid-out table, the labors of the indefatigable Maria. Willing to be useful, aware that the mode of a service may often double its value, and having no fitter means, I dusted all round and over with my veritably *clean* silk handkerchief—and sagaciously comprehending that a bundle of half or one-third-burnt wax-lights, such as thrifty housewives buy cheap in London, were meant to be stuck in the candlesticks, but forgotten by her of all-work, I also performed this other duty. And now Madox fairly knocked, and Maria flew down, adorned, from her attic chamber. Miss Kelly never shifted her costume more rapidly. We were both in the passage on our way to the drawing-room ; but the final orders were to be given to panting Jane, who was about half-dressed. "Now, for any sake, Jane, don't forget what I have driven into you ! Don't affront me by your stupidity ; the thickened butter—and to have the coffee hot—and to heat the cream—and the drawing-room fire ; and oh, do try to keep 'baby' quiet, if he awake ; and don't let him pull his nice cap. But don't put it on till I ring for him—and above all, be sure you don't let Biddy roar so loud, or touch more beer—you know what a beast she makes of herself—she will spoil the dinner, and break the things. O ! that plague, old Madox ! How he does knock !"

"Yes mar'am—no mar'am," followed at intervals from the bewildered maid of all-work, whose replies were mechanically measured by time ; certainly not dictated by sense, for true it was, as Maria said.

"Now, Jane, you don't know a word I have been saying to you. Oh me !"

Maria had not composed her looks, or drawn on her gloves, when Mr. Madox was upon us in the blue drawing-room.

Whether the devil tempted him or not, I cannot tell, but he talked away at no allowance of the excellence of the London markets always at this holiday-time. Fish so good—salmon, prime—game—wild ducks—teal. It was the very season for the London carnival.

Mrs. Pantague here sailed in imperially—spread abroad in brocade, capped and jewelled ; and after the ordinary compliments, the discourse flowed in the former channel. She had been ordering things that morning, though she rarely marketed herself. Mrs. Pantague was one of those many English people, who use the possessive pronoun on all possible occasions. "*My* fishmonger." "*My* confectioner." One might have thought she held the whole of each poor man in sole property. *My* cook is nothing.

"My cook is so exquisite a judge, that I rarely look at anything. I can so fully rely upon my butcher. How do you manage, my dear Mrs. Roberts ?"

"The London markets are splendidly filled at present, ma'am," said Plague Madox to the great lady. "Few London sights equal to them after all, ma'am."

"And so they are, Mr. Madox : Paris, Brussels. I don't say much about Vienna, though my

friend, Lady Danvers, who lived long there, when his lordship was connected with the embassy, has often told me that Vienna is in *bonne cheve* a superb city ; but after all, Mr. Madox, as you say, commend me to the London markets. Cookery may be better understood in Paris. You have been in Paris, I conclude, Mr. Madox—often ?" Madox bowed. "But for provisions ; the sterling English staple, as Sir John says, London may challenge the world, fish, flesh, or fowl."

"Right, madam, and so it may. Old English roast beef, the growth of every county. Banstead mutton, Essex veal, Dorking fowls, Norfolk turkeys, Lincolnshire geese. Hey, Mr. Roberts, got before you." Maria bit her lips over the alimentary catalogue of the month, while Roberts saluted the company.

I cannot go into the mortifying details of this *Three Courses, and a Dessert*. The bawling, and mishaps of Biddy, the blunders of distracted Jane, the agony of poor Mrs. Roberts, and the distant squalling of "baby." Even I could not have anticipated a chain of such mortifying accidents, though they were all quite natural.

The awkwardness of the guests who possessed politeness and delicacy, and the ill-suppressed grumbling of the ruder natures, disappointed in that great affair, a dinner, was nothing to the airs of insolent disgust, with which Mrs. Pantague pushed away plate after plate—touched, yet untouched. I must acknowledge that the *soles* were not of the freshest, though they might be correspondingly *cheap*, nor were they the best cooked. Mrs. Pantague, in pure malice, I am certain, required to have the dish named *Hessian ragout*, analyzed by Madox.

"Bullocks' cheek stew ! that is a ragout I am not acquainted with ; not any, thank you : indeed I have dined." The great lady leant back in her chair with a look of haughty yet piteous resignation to her fate.

"There's a pheasant coming," faltered poor Mrs. Roberts. It was in her dinner like the single great lord among a vain man's acquaintance.

"I will trouble you, Mrs. Roberts," said my hearty brother James, "I did not know the dish under its fine name. You remember, Dick, how we used to lay our ears in this stew at Nurse Wilks' on Sundays. Never was turtle so glorious."

This was scarcely a rally for Maria. At another time it would have been mortification. Plague Madox now ventured upon "Just one-half spoonful of the ragout—thick ;" and, after cautiously reconnoitring the table, had the dose repeated. This looked better ; and

By and by, the second course  
Came lagging like a distanced horse.

Bullocks' heart stuffed and roasted has its admirers even among *gourmands* ; but then it must be *roasted*, sanguinary as English eaters are. The condition was, therefore, a capital disappointment to more than one gentleman, and worse to Mrs. Roberts, compelled to say, "Take this away," though it had been her main reliance ; a dish that both Mr. James Taylor and Mr. Madox particularly admired—and rarely saw. A young puppy, one of Mr. Roberts' friends, who had got, by chance or accident, a copy of verses into a maga-

zine, and set up literary pretensions accordingly, regaled us at our side of the table with the story of "De Coucy's Heart," and the "Basil Pot," till the ladies began to look pale and sick. Across the table there was a dialogue on cannibalism and the New Zealanders, which, so far as it was heard, did not mend our health nor quicken our appetites; but all this was nothing to the tremendous crash which came at once above, below, and around us! and the exclamation.

"Och diaoul! come quick, jewel, Mr. Richard. Did not the kitchen chimney go on fire—we are all in a blaze!" And Biddy, like ten furies, was in the midst of us.

The ladies huddled together and screamed, and would have run into the street—if not prevented by main force, backed by my speedy assurance that this was a false alarm—merely a blaze of overturned grease as their noses might inform them. Maria, forgetting everything but a mother's feelings, flew to find her child, who appeared among us after all in his night-cap, but yet helped wonderfully to restore tranquillity, as all the women were bound in turns to seize, and kiss him. Things looked better again. The *sweets*, previously prepared by poor Maria with great pains and care, and want of sleep, and a wonderful effort for a first, got the length of being "damned with faint praise" by the lady-judges, though Mrs. Pantague did recommend Mrs. Roberts to try "My confectioner only for once. He was, to be sure, an unconscionable wretch in his prices—but exquisite in taste. His *Vanilla Cream* was allowed to be unequalled in London. It was sent to the Pavilion, and to Devonshire House, when nothing else of his was taken. It was indeed a great favor to procure it." What was the final catastrophe of the pheasant I cannot to this day tell, but he never appeared; and Plague Madox indemnified himself with *blue stilton* and some tolerable Edinburgh ale. The port—it was called claret-port—something that was to unite *cheaply* the *body* of Portugal with the *spirit* of France, he had sipped—eyed between him and the candle—and pulled in on trial another decanter. I suppose the sherry, or rather Cape Madeira, he hit upon, was a leap out of the frying-pan into the fire. He actually made faces.

"Who is your wine-merchant, Roberts?" cried loud Mr. Pantague, the stock-broker, from where he sat by the elbow of the miserable hostess, who had now lost self-possession and almost temper, and who afterwards told me that it was with great difficulty she kept from crying. Pantague was also smacking critically, and holding his glass between him and the candle. Roberts looked as simple as his wife, and more vexed. Either no current name of value in the wine-trade occurred to him, or he might not like to lie. He had, after a moment's pause, the forethought, the true John-Bull spirit and manliness, to say, "The very little wine I use, Mr. Pantague, I buy where I find it best and *cheapest*."

"O right—quite right," cried Mr. Pantague, and he tossed off his glass. This was the most hopeful feature of the night. Could I have caught the eyes of the speaker mine would have thanked him.

"Very fair port, this," said Mr. James Taylor, the rich thriving solicitor. Plague Madox drew his red wine glass to him again, and filled it once more. "New; but very good: what say you, Dick? My brother is one of the best judges of

wines now in London. You need not gainsay it now, Dick: your Italian residence, and your early pursuits, have made you so; but I believe you refer it to your unsophisticated palate."

I rose one hundred per cent. with the company in one second; and resolved to improve my sudden accession of vinous fame to the benefit of Maria Roberts.

"There ought to be *wine* in this house; ladies' wine, at least," I said, nodding, knowingly to Mrs. Roberts. "If the lady of it would only appoint me her butler for the night, I think I could find it."

"With the utmost pleasure, Mr. Richard; but you know—"

"What I know—give me your key." Maria stared at me. There was method in my madness. I returned in five minutes, or rather more, and solemnly placed a couple of pint bottles upon the table. Jane furnished me with fresh glasses.

"I am not going to accuse our hostess of not bestowing the very best wine she has upon her friends; but I am afraid I must accuse her of not having taste enough in wine to know the value of her own treasures."

"Nay, if I had thought that half as admired as—"

"Give me leave, ma'am. We need not mystify the matter. This is two of six bottles, but we must not rob Mrs. Roberts of more than one, this little cobwebbed fellow, that came as a present from the Bishop of —'s cellars; sent by his lady to her goddaughter, our amiable hostess, before her late confinement. The late brother of the bishop was for some time governor at the Cape. Give me your opinion, ladies, of this *cod-lung* wine, that you send in presents to favorites." I had said enough for a lady of such quick tact as Mrs. Pantague.

"Delicious Constantia!" was her affectedly rapturous exclamation. "T is not everywhere one meets with the like of this. And the bishop's lady, whom I have seen at Brighton, is your godmother, Mrs. Roberts?"

"I have that honor."

"Exquisite wine! The veritable nectar of the gods, Mr. Richard, must be Constantia. Nay, nay; this must be kept for a *bonne bouche*—husbanded—a fourth of a glass, if you please." I had no wish to hazard a second trial, having come off so well upon the first.

"The *bouquet*, the delicious fragrance of this wine, is its charm to me," said our young poet.

"You must be sensible of it, Mr. Richard?"

"I'll be hanged if I smell anything save the burning grease the cook had nearly set the chimney on fire with," replied my brother. "She seems, by the way, on very happy terms of familiarity with you, Dick; and quite a character in your way. I believe you know all the Irish charwomen in London."

All the ladies tasted the "delicious Constantia," while Maria, trying to look frowningly, really looked half-comic, half-amused, at my impudent fraud. Several of the fair judges pronounced it very fine. My sister, Anne, said it was very sweet and *nice* indeed, but of wine she was no judge; and Miss Claves, a very lively young lady, vowed it was so like Milk Punch, which was quite a charming thing, that she could not tell the difference for her life.

"Oh, the *green* taste of *raw* girls, Mr. Rich-

ard!" whispered Mrs. Pantague. "How many good things in life are thrown away upon them! Your niece, Charlotte, has really then positively refused the old banker—her ultimatum given? But will Mrs. Roberts never move, think you? Really, to be frank, I long for a cup of even cold wish-washy coffee after this (*a shrug*) absurd *visceral repast*. I wish some friend would give the poor young woman a hint! Could not you, Mr. Richard?" She looked at her watch.

I vowed in my indignant heart that Maria should, in hearing every word of this, reap the bitter fruit of her own vain toils. But I did not need to be so severe in my lesson.

Before the poet and myself reached the drawing-room, half the ladies had disappeared. From below Plague Madox, my brother, and all the old stagers went off without looking near us. The clarity-port could not have been very good, after all, I suspect. Madox swore that either the wine or the fare had deranged him sadly; for three days fairly baffled Dr. Kitchener's *Peptic Precepts*, lost him two *good* dinner parties, and raised doubts whether he would ever accept an invitation from Roberts, or any man who kept no regular cook, in his life again, where everything was, he said, "more provoking and worse than another. Pity the poor fellow with such a wife!"

In the mean time I have forgotten to tell, that, when very late, George Roberts, and a few young men, who, in spite of every disaster, stood by him and the bottle, staggered up stairs. I was now alone in the drawing-room. The young ladies, after yawning, hour after hour, in the vain hope of relief from below; after examining and reexamining Maria's store of nick-nacks, and hopelessly endeavoring to extract music and young gentlemen from the broken-stringed cabinet piano-forte, had all taken wing while Maria was gone to put "baby" to sleep.

Roberts was half tipsy, half chagrined, and I perceived in a fair way of getting into very bad temper. This was his day of festival, the christening *fête* of his first-born; and there was no joy, no sociability, no pleasure, no amusement. He had promised his young friends, his wife's music, female society, a dance, and there remained for them an empty disordered room, where "Queer Mr. Richard Taylor" kept watch over four blinking wax-candle ends and a few smouldering cinders.

"Where are all the ladies—where is Maria?" was said hurriedly. "Where is Mrs. Roberts?" in a more imperative, and husband-like tone. Echo might answer *where*, if she chose, but I was dumb. Roberts jerked the blue bell rope; and down it came, and up came panting Jane.

"Where is your mistress?"

"Putting 'baby' to sleep, sir."

It would be treason against nature to suppose that Roberts could really have said "Deuce take 'baby!'" but Jane, who looked perfectly aghast, and, indeed, in utter horror, certainly believed those shocking, unnatural words were spoken; and had they even been, they would have meant nothing serious—a proof that a man must not always be judged by his rash expressions.

"By Jove!" was the next exclamation, "if we cannot have amusement above stairs, we shall have jollity below. Here you, Biddy, or whatever they call you—"

"Biddy Duigenan, an' plase your honor—so christened by Father—"

"Get us a dry devil, or a broiled bone, or something peppery and famous."

"Och then! devil a bone with a thread on it, within the dour of ye. The mistress chooses her mate without bones. She's a mighty frugal, managing young cratur."

This conversation passed aloud, between the door of the drawing-room and the bottom of the stairs. The young men roared in full chorus; and Mr. Sullivan the Templar, instantly challenged a countrywoman in Biddy, who was heard laughing jollily below, crying to Jane, "Faix, but it does myself good to see the gentlemen getting hearty and merry at last. One might thought their faste a *Keanin*—no luck till the bits of misses, the craturs, go off."

"By the powers! if we can't get meat we shall have drink, boys," cried Mr. George Roberts again, in a most uproarious and savage humor, something affected too by the satirical commentary made by one of his friends on "a lady choosing her *mate* without bones," which as a husband of some eighteen months, and consequently still very touchy on the score of *hen-pecking*, he fancied it mightily concerned his honor and masterhood to resent.

"Ay, *bones* and blood, and spirit too, by Jove. Maria! Mrs. Roberts! Madam, I say, come down stairs! You shall see, gentlemen, who is master in this house—if all the wives in Christendom"—But it is idle to repeat the ravings of an intoxicated man. I knew Maria would have the delicacy and sense not to come down stairs; and Sullivan, by far the soberest of the party, having brought our host to order, and promised to me to take care of the party, I stole away. Jane, as I afterwards learned, a simple country girl, immediately became so frightened, that she crept up to her mistress, reporting "that the gentlemen were tipsy and riotous, and that one of them had pulled her on the stairs. Master was tramping up and down, rummaging all the cupboards for brandy to make punch; and Biddy was worse than all the rest." Maria, a stranger to every species of excess, a girl transferred from school to her own house, became more nervous than Jane; and as the noise of song and revelry,

Of tipsy dance and jollity,

rose louder and louder from the polluted blue-room, constituted into a kind of *Free-and-Easy* club-room, the women bolted themselves in. Jane, after her hard day's work, soon fell asleep, sitting on the floor, and it was not till the watchmen, attracted by the riot within, had rung repeatedly, and that the young men sallied out "to thrash the Charleys," when a general *melé* ensued, that she was awoke by the shaking and suppressed cries of her mistress, as the whole party below, Biddy Duigenan included, were carried off by the guardians of the night, and safely lodged! How Maria got through the dreadful night, I cannot tell; but I lost no time, after receiving her early message, in repairing to the office. Mr. Roberts and his friends were already liberated without examination, and had slunk away, bribing Biddy to silence with sundry shillings and half-crowns.

Roberts looked foolish enough when I found him at home, sitting amid the wrecks of the blue-room, writing a note of apology to Joseph Greene for the nocturnal disturbance; but he still seemed

to believe that the whole mischief arose from Maria's absurd management, and that air of pretension, which, together with the *shabby gentility* of her entertainment, had made them both ridiculous. To the same cause he imputed the discomfort and mal-arrangement of everything—nay, even what he termed the impudence of that Irish hag, and the insolence of that stock-broker's dame. He did, however, condescend to apologize to his wife for the outrage of which he had subsequently been guilty; and his boon companions of the night, one and all, afterwards declared, that they durst never look Mrs. Roberts in the face again.

This was not the end of the affair. Roberts was forgiven by his wife, who, in her ignorance of *life*, fancied his conduct far more grievous and degrading than he was disposed to own it. But there was another reckoning to adjust. By some means my brother got intelligence of the manner in which Roberts' *fête* had ended. "A married man—in his own house—it is too bad. I fear this is not the first of it," James said to me. "For some weeks, Richard, I have wished to consult you about this. Do you know, Roberts is short of his cash?"

Awful charge against a confidential clerk! I guessed how much it importeth.

"To what extent?"

"No great extent; but the thing is so wrong, so *unbusiness-like*." This is another most significant phrase. "About £60 or £70—and perhaps he may have some claim against me; but I don't like the look of it. Such arrears are so *unbusiness-like*. I fear he is extravagant—getting dissipated—"

"Only foolish—or something of that sort," was my careless reply; "but he will mend, I dare say. What, meanwhile, have you done?"

"Ordered him to balance his cash, and pay up by Friday at farthest."

"Quite right."

I instantly took my way to the Row. Maria was in the blue drawing-room; now in its gilding and draperies of all hues, soiled and tawdry; the ornaments smoked and tarnished; the chairs and tables crazy or fractured, and the purple and gold purse sadly faded from its original splendor, as I remarked on seeing it on the table.

"Alas! it has acquired a worse fault," Maria said, while she shook it to display its emptiness, smiling and sighing.

"A sieve-like quality—the faculty of running out faster than Roberts pours in—"

"Something very like that, I confess."

"Do you pardon my frankness, Mrs. Roberts, and give me leave to be sincere with you?"

"I do, I do, and thank you most sincerely. With our limited income"—(hesitation.)

"All your stitching and pulling cannot keep fortune in at heels, and make both ends meet."

"You have guessed it, Mr. Richard. Were it not for my poor child—and poor Roberts, too, I would certainly endeavor to procure a situation as a governess—and Roberts, he might go into lodgings again, since it seems I cannot, with all my skill and economy, manage that we should live within our income—and it is worse than that with us! Oh, I assure you, it has almost broken my heart! Mr. Roberts is short of Mr. Taylor's cash. It is shocking! his probity may be doubted; and he is in fearful temper this morning. I dread his

coming back." Maria could no longer restrain her tears. I was gratified by her confidence in me, pleased that Roberts had at once told her the circumstance so important to them both; but she had another motive for confiding in me. "I have a great favor to beg of you: I have a few trinkets," she said; "presents and gifts of one kind or another. It would be such a kindness in you to dispose of them for me, that I may help Roberts so far. There is the piano, too, and other *useless things*—she looked round the room—"they would not bring much, but everything helps."

I knew, for I had seen it, that Maria had at least the full value for her *suit* of pearls and other ornaments; but principle and generous affection were far more powerful than vanity. Roberts had peremptorily refused to dispose of her trinkets; he was even affronted by the proposal, and she depended on me, and urged me; and with the ease in my pocket I left her, and encountered her husband at the corner of the street.

"You have been calling for your favorite, Mrs. Greene?" said Roberts.

"No; I have spent the last hour with my more interesting favorite, Mrs. Roberts."

Mr. Roberts looked confused and uneasy. He remembered in what humor he had left his wife in the morning. "Then, sir, you have spent your time with a very silly, incorrigible woman: but this, I suppose, is no news to you; you see how all reason and advice are thrown away upon her."

These were high airs, indeed, for Mr. George to give himself! he who deserved at least a full half share of the common blame.

"Pardon me if I see no such thing; but quite the reverse. To me, Mrs. Roberts appears an uncommonly clever young woman—generous, candid, and well-principled—and most anxious to do her duty, so far as she understands it. All she requires is, forbearance, kindness, and gentle guidance, till her rapidly increasing knowledge is matured into experience."

The honeymoon was long past, and Roberts, as I have said, in the crisis when young husbands are the most susceptible of jealousy for their many privileges and powers; yet was Roberts much better pleased with my opinion of his wife, than if it had coincided with that which he had expressed. I took his arm, and we walked back towards his house. One of the peculiar blessings of an old bachelor and slender annuitant like myself, is the power of saying, when the salvation of a friend demands frankness, things that it would frighten a sensible man with a wife and six small children, to dream of uttering. Some of these startling things I now whispered in the ear of George Roberts and his wife. They were young, healthy, virtuous, sincerely attached to each other, better endowed with world's goods than on the average are four-fifths of their fellow-citizens—why should they not be happy? "How great a blessing were it," said George, sensibly, "if young women were trained to the *utilities*, and *comforts*, and *solidities*, like Rachel Greene, and less to the *refinements* of life, like Maria."

Now, though Maria was more my favorite at present, from compassionate interest, and though custom had stamped many of her little pretty ways and affectations with the name of refinement, was she in reality more truly refined, farther removed from the vulgarities and the assumptions of affec-

tation, than Rachel Greene, the amiable Quakeress, with whom she was contrasted?

"If Maria had been taught a little plain housewifery, instead of so much music," continued sensible George, "how much better for us all now!"

Yet Maria had not been taught so *very* much music. She had not, at least, acquired more than any girl might easily learn between seven and seventeen, and practice while it was desirable, without interfering, in the least, with her domestic duties, where music is kept as an elegant recreation, not held as a means of coquetry and display.

"If we could be carded through each other," said Maria, half laughing.

"Ay, Rachel's substance, with Maria's gloss and color, would be a first-rate fabric. I think I see it in my fancy-loom. I shall never despair of *woman* in the general, nor of Maria in particular."

I took my leave, inviting myself back to tea, at which time, in a regular family-council, I deposited the price of Maria's pearls in her husband's hands. He was half-offended, half-vexed. I have ever noted that men have much less true magnanimity and simple greatness, on such occasions, than women. He was at first ashamed and angry at being obliged to his own wife; but better feelings prevailed. We had a long, frank, and therefore a most satisfactory explanation. The *limited income* was the first head of discourse. I heard George expatiate on that with some impatience. "Your income is, at least, more, by three times, than the richest rector in England affords to his drudge curate—twice or near three times more than the income of two thirds of our half-pay officers, with considerable perquisites in addition."

"These have undone me," said Roberts. "Trusting to these, I forbore to be so explicit with my wife as I ought to have been. I trusted to contingencies. I did not choose to seem churlish and sordid, by perpetual interference with her arrangements, for I read all her anxiety to do right."

"Fluctuating income and sanguine calculation have ruined thousands," was my *sensible*, though rather commonplace rejoinder.

George Roberts needed not my directions, now that his good sense was roused. His wife's generous sacrifice, for so he was pleased to call it, though neither Maria nor myself would allow the phrase, and the sale of nearly all the movables of the *blue room*, enabled him next day to clear scores with my kind brother, Mr. James Taylor, who now said there was no such pressing haste, as Mr. Roberts, *with his first year's outlay*, might need a little indulgence.

On the same day Maria could say she at last had a house of her own to *live in*, almost as comfortable as Rachel Greene's.

Jane and she had indeed worked hard to have all right before Roberts came home, to dine in *comfort*; bringing myself along with him, after the completion of our *blue* sale, to share the very small but sufficient juicy stew of meat with vegetables and apple-pasty, which formed the dinner. After dinner, while she filled my tall Teniers-looking glass with amber-colored creaming Scottish ale, Maria said, with a more elevated spirit than I had ever seen her assume—with an air of noble simplicity, "Drink to the happy woman, my excellent friend, whose husband owes no man a shilling

—and to her who resolves that, so far as depends upon her economy and management, he never shall."

I never accepted pledge with more sincere pleasure in all my life.

"But what will Mrs. Pantague say?" said Roberts, laughing.

"Exquisite Constantia!" mimicked Maria, archly, as she sipped the cream off her ale; and the merriest young natural laugh rang out that I had ever heard her indulge. My fears for the peace of the Roberts family—for their prosperity and happiness—were laid forever. The spell of fashion was broken—the demon, Mrs. Pantague, exorcised; and Maria was one more proof that a well-principled character, an intelligent and active mind, when its energy is roused, will be found in every circumstance equal to the common duties of life. She became an excellent housewife.

There were few of the many houses at which "I dropped in," where the fireside now looked so snug and sunny as that of Mrs. Roberts. Even "baby," my old antipathy, now well managed and healthy, had grown a fat, good-humored, smiling, *conversable* fellow. Maria once again ventured to *take in* the newspapers at the usual expense, and never grudged to pay for as much reading as Roberts or myself chose to give her at what she called the mother's hours of work—from seven to ten in the evening.

Towards the end of the year I was again consulted by my sagacious brother, James.

"What do you think, Dick; that old fox, Martin of Chancery Lane, is trying to steal George Roberts from me—the man who knows all my affairs better than myself—the boy I brought up, whom I trust as my right hand. Don't you think, Dick, I might do worse, now that I am growing lazy and fond of the farm, than give so steady a fellow as Roberts some sort of share?"

"There was an obstacle about his arrears," was my sly reply, "Was there not? He either over-drew, or was *behind in his cash*."

Mr. James Taylor could remember nothing of it; and there was no affection, much less insincerity, in his oblivion on those points—which inclines me to think that when statesmen sometimes totally forget their early professions, they may not be so hypocritical as people imagine.

"Is there anything you think Mrs. Roberts would like at this Christmas season? You are a great friend of hers, I find—and she has considerable influence with Roberts."

"My brother wished to show you some substantial mark of his good-will," said I to Maria, when, two hours afterwards, I went to her house. "I have counselled him to assist Roberts in purchasing the lease of the house next your friend Rachel Greene's new abode. He has money to lend at a very low rate of interest; and as you often truly tell me, rent is such an *eat-em*, (*item*), as the Scots say, in a fixed income. On your own personal account, instead of *gaud* or *toy*, I accepted only of this." And I called in the boy who bore the guitar I had chosen and purchased for her as my brother's gift. Maria was not too proud to feel warmly, to seem highly gratified; and in six weeks afterwards I partook of her Third Christmas Dinner, in her new house.

"I am afraid to venture," said she beforehand, "strong as is still the recollection of all my mortifications, and disgraces, and miserable failure of last

year; but with the treasure you have given me in poor Sally Owen, who is the most neat, industrious, and excellent servant-of-all-work I have ever seen, I think I must venture, since Roberts insists we can now, by better economy and sense, afford to see our *real* friends, and a pleasant acquaintance too. But I grieve to tease Sally with a party, who still pines so about her little girl, and that *scamp* of a husband of hers."

"The sooner she is roused from these recollections the better."

I could think with no patience of Mr. Hardy, the marvellous boot-closer, who, because he could earn very great wages, contented himself with half; wasted that pittance in riot; starved, *beat*, broke the heart of his uncomplaining wife; whom I could sometimes have beaten also in anger of her foolish forbearance, and really tender but senseless attachment to this worthless fellow, who had, I was assured by her, "so good and kind a heart when he kept sober."

I cannot comprehend the infatuation of women. After the boot-closer had behaved as ill as mechanic or man could do, squandered all their little furniture, and the fruits of Sally's early savings, he ran off in a drunken frolic to Liverpool. She was compelled, to avoid starvation, to take service, and let her child go to the work-house. I thought myself fortunate, for both their sakes, in recommending her to Mrs. Roberts. For ten months the boot-closer was not once heard of, and Sally looked a forlorn Penelope. He had gone to Dublin, and thence to Belfast, where we first heard of him in the hospital, ill of typhus. He should have had my leave to take time to recover. But what an unnatural monster did my fair friends, Mrs. Roberts, Rachel Greene, and Nurse Wilks imagine me, when I suggested the propriety of letting Mr. Hardy quietly lay his restless bones in Ireland, without disturbing his wife.

Blessings upon their kind, simple hearts!

He spoke to them who never had a *husband*!

Would I keep Sally from her duty?

Poor men's wives have often very hard conjugal duties compared with those of the ladies of the rich. Sally tied up her few remaining clothes, with my recommendatory letter to a very particular old favorite of mine, who had settled in Ireland, (whom I may yet introduce to my readers, by her maiden name of Mary Anne,) kissed her child, and trudged away to walk a couple of stages ere she took the top of the Liverpool coach, on her way to her sick husband. It was six weeks before she returned to us, thin as a greyhound, much dejected, and looking twenty years older; but all the women concerned assured me Sally had done her duty; for the extraordinary boot-closer said on his death-bed, that he sincerely repented of his unkindness; and he sent his blessing to his child, whom he solemnly charged Sally to bring up in the fear of God.

Excellent, consistent man! for his sake Sally resolved she never would make a second choice. With her wages, and a little help, she could now take her child from the work-house, and send it to the country to nurse; and as soon as it was five years old, Mrs. Roberts determined to fetch the little girl home to be first a comfort, and then a help to its subdued mother. This prospect gave a zeal and warmth to poor Sally's services which no other motive could have furnished. She was per-

mitted to go to see her child on a Sunday. Poor Sally Owen could not now have been known for the blithe, light-hearted, ruddy Welsh girl, who wont to sing like a bird all day at her work. She had plenty of work still; but her mistress was kind and sisterly, and in her little girl Sally had something dearly to love; so that, upon the whole, I believe, the widow of the accomplished boot-closer, who starved his family, and killed himself because he could make double wages when he chose to keep sober, (I do confess a spite at the man,) was upon the whole in fully as felicitous circumstances as ever his wife had been;—though I durst not say so.

From Mrs. Roberts' Third Christmas Dinner, I walked home part of the way with my brother, Mr. Sullivan, and Plague Madox, whom I saw to the Haymarket, near where he lodged.

"Very pleasant party," said the old buck, for the third time, as we stood to take leave. "Remarkably well-dressed, well-served dinner; so good, and *enough* only—no John Bull load. She is an excellent valuable creature, that Sally Owen. I suppose the mutton was Welsh. Really Roberts' wife looks a hundred per cent. better since she plumped out a little, and dressed in that neat, plain way. Last year—I have not seen her since—she looked so fretful, tawdry, and haggard, that, upon my honor, I was concerned for Roberts. I don't think I would have visited them again, if Mrs. James had not hinted at decided improvement. I am to dine at your brother's charming house tomorrow. Everything delightful there, though I don't think the young ladies are better guitarists than Mrs. Roberts."

"The difference being that Mrs. Roberts is a tolerable performer on that charming unpretending instrument which links the romance of sunny lands to a quiet English fireside, while my nieces—"

"Charming girls!" But the wind set in most cuttingly. "Eliza reminds me most of Abingdon of any lady I know." This was unintelligibly breathed through ten folds of a Barcelona handkerchief, and Madox went off, hating the east wind as much as he loved a pleasant dinner party, with all its accompaniments—guitar music included.

I could not forbear calling to congratulate Mrs. Roberts next day. "Always at home to you, sir," said smiling Sally Owen to me, "though mistress has been so busy putting things to rights."—"Quite done now, though," cried Maria, opening the parlor door; "I know your knock so well." It is pleasant to have friends, particularly female friends, that know one's knock. I like to hear it.

"Your triumph is complete, Mrs. Roberts!" I said. "Plague Madox has pronounced you perfect! But you need never hope for the Pantague suffrage."

Maria was still laughing heartily, when Sally brought in a packet. I knew its contents before it was opened, for I had seen Madox purchase that morning, at an auction, a *whole lot* of cheap guitar music. No man in London could exchange this sort of notes for solid dinners more knowingly than my old acquaintance. I had foreseen that Mrs. Roberts, now fairly ranked among the comfortable dinner-giving women, was to have her share of the purchase.

"Confirmation strong!" cried Maria, laughingly holding out to me the printed sheet of music,

inscribed in his best hand, "With Mr. Madox's compliments to Mrs. George Roberts." "But in spite of this polite note, and 'Zara's Ear-rings' to boot," said Maria, "a charming bribe, no doubt, I do think a young couple like Roberts and myself, beginning life, may find, if we beat up diligently the highways and hedges, more suitable or desirable family guests than the Plague Madoxes of society. I have imbibed your own

notions and Rachel Greene's of that in which true hospitality consists. They exclude the regular *diners-out*."

I must some day write the biography of my friend, Plague Madox; who had dined out for nearly thirty years upon the reputation of a farce, damned forty years ago, and three anecdotes of Sheridan; and this, though the ladies where he visited detested him with one accord.

#### THE FRENCH IN CHINA.

We find in the *Courrier des Etats Unis* a letter extracted from the *Rhone*, a journal published at Lyons, (France,) which contains the fullest, and, apparently, the most authentic account we have seen of the proceedings of the French Embassy in China, and which we translate as follows, preserving the French spelling of the proper names:—

"Ki-ing, Imperial Commissioner, Vice Roy of Canton, prince and relative of the emperor, arrived at Macao, the afternoon of the 29th of September. He rested the 30th, and then came the next day in great pomp to visit the Ambassador of France, to whose dwelling he had the evening before sent his portrait of the natural size. His *cortège* was opened with 150 lancers on foot, and closed by Manchu cavalry, armed with bows and sabres, but very ill-mounted. We were all in grand uniform, at a heat of 32 degrees, (*Reaum.*) At this first interview, manifestations of consideration and friendship were exchanged in profession. Ki-ing and M. de Lagrenée embraced one another several times.

"The next day but one, (October 3,) at 1 o'clock P. M., we went to return to the Imperial commissioner the visit with which he had honored us. Ki-ing was lodged in the pagoda of the village of Wang-hia, at a short distance from Macao. Besides the gentlemen of the Embassy, M. de Lagrenée had admitted in his *cortège* a dozen officers of the French squadron.

"We were all in sedan chairs. After reciprocal compliments, Ki-ing took M. de Lagrenée by the hand, and we entered into the dining hall, where there awaited us a splendid festival, served in the Chinese taste, in the midst of flowers and foliage. Those who arranged the banquet had taken care to place knives and forks by the side of the Chinese chop-sticks; but, like men who knew the world, we made use of chop-sticks almost exclusively. The wines of Champagne, Roussillon, Porte, Madeira, circulated at the table.

"We began with sweetmeats; after which was presented to each guest a cake having the form of four Chinese words, which signified: 'Ten thousand years' friendship between France and China.' This wish was received with plaudits. Then commenced the drinking healths, which succeeded each other so fast as seemingly to threaten ours.

"Ki-ing had at his left M. de Lagrenée, at his right Rear-Admiral Cécille. Howen, Treasurer General of the Province of Canton and Mandarin of the first class, was seated at the left of our Ambassador; and three other Mandarins had places at the table, namely: Tonlin, one of the forty academicians of Peking; Tchao, a large and fat Manchu of the figure of a brigadier of the municipal guard, and sub-prefect of Canton; Pan-thin-chen-tin-oua, honorary Mandarin, son of an old hong merchant of Canton, who left to him immense wealth. I happened to be placed between the two last. As to the academician, he was

placed at the other extremity of the table, and he gave himself up so heartily to pledging healths that about the middle of the dinner he became intoxicated, and it was necessary to carry him out. This episode gave rise to a quantity of the most grotesque scenes.

"Ki-ing was very animated. He invited M. de Lagrenée to drink; and then, when he had emptied his glass, he held it bottom up, to show that he had drunk it off, and drained it into the glasses of his neighbors, who did the same in return. A great act of politeness with the Chinese is to take from the table a morsel of something in the chop-sticks of the country, and to place it in the mouth of the person to whom it is desired to do honor. Ki-ing did this several times to M. de Lagrenée and to Admiral Cécille; my neighbor, the Manchu, also gave me this testimony of consideration and friendship.

"They served, during the repast, bird's nests, sea-worms, sharks' fins, fish-maws, and toad-stools, &c., all very good things, I assure you, seasoned with Porte and Champagne, which our hosts served up with the most engaging attention.

"My neighbor, the Manchu, showed me incessantly his glass full and empty, in sign of provocation; and thus, from yellow as it was in its natural condition, his complexion assumed a purple color of the most brilliant hue.

"Before leaving the table we had placed before us Manchu tea, bitter, and without sugar. Then we recurred to protestations of the warmest friendship. 'China and France are now but one!' said Ki-ing. Finally, after some hours of hilarity, we separated enchanted with one another. We returned to Macao.

"We shall leave in two days for Batavia, but we propose to return here in the month of April. *It is only at that time that the treaty can be finally concluded.* Everything leads us to expect that it will be favorable to our commerce. The inclinations of the Chinese government are excellent."

It appears by this letter that the statement recently made of a treaty having been actually concluded by the French was premature. Recent advices from China report the French Embassy as having left Macao, and being at the last advices at Hong-Kong.—*National Intelligencer.*

**PREPARATION OF COFFEE.**—It is a fact well known in Prague, that the water of the wells in that town is better adapted for use in making coffee than the river water; comparative analyses of the water indicate that this depends on the carbonate of soda contained in the former. Pleischl found this opinion corroborated by the fact, that a small quantity of the salt added to coffee improves its flavor, and advises consequently the addition of 43 grains of the pure carbonate to each pound of roasted coffee, as an improvement to the flavor, and also to the curative effect of this beverage, as it neutralizes the acid contained in the infusion.—*Pharmaceutical Journal.*

From the Protestant Churchman.

CHURCH BELLS IN THE DESERT.

"The sun growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now, than ever on me he shone before; and as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep, for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after awhile I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills. I roused myself and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then, at least, I was well enough awakened; but still those old Marlen bells rung on, and not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing 'for church.' After awhile the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased."—*Edthen, or traces of Travel brought home from the East*, page 273.

BENEATH the fervid eastern sky,  
Far from his native land,  
A way-worn man, at noon of day,  
Lay dreaming on the sand:—  
Around him, like a burning sea,  
The trackless desert spread;  
Beneath him was the torrid earth,  
The brazen sky o'erhead.

Sweet visions of his island-home,  
Beyond the distant main,  
Like vernal landscapes, filled his soul,  
And sooth'd his racking pain.  
The green old hills—the pleasant fields,  
The summer groves and streams,  
'Neath fancy's sleepless eye were spread,  
And flash'd through all his dreams.

He wakes;—and on his waking ear,  
What joyous music swells;  
He hears the chimes—the glorious chimes,  
Of his own parish bells.  
Peal after peal, distinct and clear,  
Through the hush'd air they roll,  
Bringing home's thousand memories,  
Afresh upon his soul.

They mind him of the Sunday groups,  
Within the church-yard shade;  
He sees again the pictured light  
On aisle and transept laid;  
The organ's soft prelusive strain  
Floats on the desert air,  
With solemn Eucharistic hymn,  
And voice of holy prayer.

The sweet delusion lingers yet,  
Though fiercely still on high  
The fiery sun-heat, wave on wave,  
Sweeps over all the sky:—  
The sweet delusion lingers yet,  
Though still the sand wastes glow  
Beneath the scorching atmosphere  
That withers all below.

O thus, amid the arid waste  
Through which our journey lies,  
When fiery streams of woe seem poured  
From fierce, unkindly skies,  
When o'er the desert-sands of time,  
In life's hot race we toil,  
And every footstep, track'd in blood,  
Seems burnt upon the soil;—

How sweet to catch the solemn chimes  
Of holy hope and cheer,  
Which oft from heav'n seem pealing down  
On faith's attentive ear;  
Echoes as 't were of Sabbath bells  
Forever ringing on,  
Where saints and angels worship God,  
Around th' eternal throne.

Echoes of those sweet chimes that roll  
O'er all the heavenly plains,  
Responsive to the seraph's songs,  
And high angelic strains;  
Borne on—borne on unceasingly,  
Where life's immortal streams,  
'Mid the green pastures of the Lord,  
Roll in love's noonday beams.

Astoria, L. I.

J. W. B.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

WE are growing old—how the thought will rise  
When a glance is backward cast  
On some long remembered spot that lies  
In the silence of the past:  
It may be the shrine of our early vows,  
Or the tomb of early tears;  
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,  
In the stormy sea of years.  
Oh, wide and wild are the waves that part  
Our steps from its greenness now,  
And we miss the joy of many a heart,  
And the light of many a brow;  
For deep o'er many a stately bark  
Have the whelming billows rolled,  
That steered with us from that early mark—  
Oh, friends, we are growing old.  
Old in the dimness and the dust  
Of our daily toils and cares,  
Old in the wrecks of love and trust  
Which our burdened memory bears.  
Each form may wear to the passing gaze  
The bloom of life's freshness yet,  
And beams may brighten our latter days,  
Which the morning never met.  
But oh the changes we have seen,  
In the far and winding way;  
The graves in our path that have grown green,  
And the locks that have grown gray!  
The winters still on our own may spare  
The sable or the gold:  
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—  
And, friends, we are growing old.  
We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,  
We have learned to pause and fear;  
But where are the living founts whose flow  
Was a joy of heart to hear?  
We have won the wealth of many a clime,  
And the lore of many a page;  
But where is the hope that saw in time  
But its boundless heritage?  
Will it come again when the violet wakes,  
And the woods their youth renew?  
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,  
Where the bloom was deep and blue;  
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,  
But the joy was faint and cold,  
For it ne'er could give us the youth again  
Of hearts that are growing old.

Stranorlar.

FRANCES BROWNE.